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Who?

By STANLEY DESMOND.

Dear little atom, impudent and gay,
Thou trivial, charming minx, pert, shy and bold;
Flirtatious, fragile, sweet and coyly cold,
And radiant as the dawn of jocund day!
More variable than the Aspen's quivering way,
Wayward, impossible, as good as gold;
Heart of my heart from Nature's perfect mould,
Awkward with grace, distracting, winsome Fay,
If anything is lacking, little maid,
To make thy sum of happiness more staid,
No sweeter task could thy adorer know.
His life, his all, is thine, whate'er the cost;
His sacred honor wheresoe'er we go.
For thee sweetheart, for thee, he'll count the world well lost!

The Japanese in America.

By ONOTO WATANNA.

EVER since the Japanese school trouble in San Francisco became acute I have read with interest and considerable sadness the various published articles and editorials upon the subject. A curious article by a special newspaper correspondent on the Pacific coast, impels me to take up my pen, not as a champion for the Japanese, but in appeal to the fair-minded, right-thinking Americans for ordinary justice and sane judgment for "the little brown man," as this correspondent terms him.

The writer of the article in question refers to the Japanese as "a race from which came our servants!" Repeated references are made to the fact that the Japanese stubbornly refuses to recognize the white man as his superior. "The white race every time," cries the writer, attempting to make a case from so poor an issue. Various mean characteristics of the Japanese race the writer enumerates, laying emphasis on his "conceit." Finally the writer makes the astonishing statement that the war correspondents who went to the front full of admiration and enthusiasm for the Japanese, returned voicing "eternal condemnation for everything Japanese."

Also the writer paints a ludicrous picture of the dowdy little Japanese woman as she appears in American dress. Such articles mislead and inflame.

What reflection upon the race can result through the failure of its women to dress in Western garb with style? The description of the Japanese woman given by the writer, however, must apply to the humblest among this race who live in America. The Japanese gentlewoman in America wears the foreign dress with far more smartness and ease than the foreign woman in Japan does the native garb there. The article against which I appeal appeared as a commentary upon the message of President Roosevelt dealing with the Japanese problem. The writer, "M. E. C.", a special correspondent of the New York "Times" in Oakland, Cal., had these things to say, among others:

"We recognize the grave import of the message, a message likely to be fraught with such consequences to the Pacific coast. And we hark back to

the time when the Japanese first slipped quietly in among us. He was a demure little brown man, and we treated him well—we gave him a home and we educated him. We were the dominant Caucasian race, he was of the inferior Asiatic race—a race from which came our servants. The Japanese furnished only another phase of the intense cosmopolitanism of San Francisco—parts of which were distinctly of Europe and others of the Orient.

"The Japanese took up life quietly in many homes. He helped the mistress of the family before school, then went to school with the children. He aided in household tasks after school hours. He was well fed and had his own room and his evenings to himself. He was paid three or four dollars a week, as much as white servants were paid in the East. They were most kindly treated everywhere—in the home, in the schools. In the latter they received the greatest consideration, helped along by the children, and taught with exceeding patience by the teachers. Fancy the annoyance of having a Japanese man who cannot speak English in a class of fifty little children. The one man took up so much time that it was not always fair to the children. * * *

"The Japanese do not come here to be our servants; that is only their stepping stone. They come to go into business, and that has been the experience also in Hawaii. The Japanese has not the responsibilities of the white man; he has not his traditions, his ideals. He lives on so little, in such squalid, meager surroundings, that he can lower business prices and business standards till the white man is driven out. * * *

"San Francisco is a tremendous mass of debris—miles and miles of it. It is the great burden which the white laborer is bearing; it is his back bending to the load which one sees; he has no assistance from the Japanese laboring class."

Again "M. E. C." asserts that the war changed the Japanese.

"The great change in the Japanese, which seems to have precipitated all the trouble, dates from the late war. Sentiment was almost entirely with them. Here and there were a few who looked distrustfully at everything Oriental and said:

"'The white man every time—the white man against the field, right or wrong!'

"But most men got back to the principle involved and rejoiced with the Japanese as battles were won. It was only a few months ago that war correspondents from all over the United States and England passed through San Francisco on their way to the Orient. All was enthusiasm for the Japanese as they set sail for the land of the Mikado.

"But, oh! the difference when they returned to America some months later! They voiced eternal condemnation for everything Japanese. On one thing were they all agreed—on insincerity as a dominating Japanese characteristic. And they learned something else in their weary months of waiting among this alien people. They learned the hatred which these Oriental races have for the white race, a hatred well covered up ordinarily, but a hatred that exists. Any scheme for the settlement of the present question which fails to recognize this great race hatred fails in a very vital point."

Conceit Japan certainly has. What race has not? What of the conceit which makes the bland statement that because of its peculiar skin-color, a race is superior? Since when did the Oriental nations become the slaves or servants of the Caucasian race? To speak of the Oriental nations as inferior is to make an ignorant and stupid statement—dangerous, moreover. Is it desirable that the Oriental nations be goaded into proving they are not inferior? What constitutes civilization? A crossing of swords could actually prove nothing, but the Oriental knows it is the test of the Western nations and he may elect some day to be put to this test. With how tragic a result for the whole world! Why are the bigoted, stupid-tongued ones permitted to speak aloud? They awaken hatred, prejudice.

Are we no better to-day than in the time when the white-skinned Spaniard came all conquering to exterminate the darker-hued man of the New World? Do the Western nations, indeed, cherish the childish delusion that a race as proud and intelligent as the Japanese or the Chinese could be likewise subjected?

It is preposterous to name the Japanese as an inferior race—to wave a flag as red as that before the eyes of a people admittedly full of pride and pugnacity.

Yes. Japan is "bursting with conceit." So is every nation. Conceit, if such it can be called, is what makes one accomplish things. It is the assurance behind the hand that strikes which makes the blow the surer and severer. Why reproach Japan for an attribute common to every self-respecting nation on the earth? Of course, crowned with her new war laurels, Japan's vanity is more apparent at the present time. How was America after the war with Spain? At such a time would it have been well for another nation to speak sneeringly of it as an "inferior nation?"

The statement regarding the war* correspondents is audaciously false. I read omnivorously all the books I could get written by these same correspondents after their return to America. With only one or two excep-

tions, they almost over-praised Japan. Indeed, Japan's conceit has been very much fed by the fulsome praise bestowed upon her by these very American writers who have lived among, known and sometimes loved the Japanese. Who will heed to-day the words of those who seek to decry the character of such a nation?

How foolish is the supposition that the Japanese immigrants will overrun this country, and in competition with the native crush him to the wall. Japan is a little nation at best. How many of her people would she spare to cause the terrible havoc here predicted? The closing paragraph of "M. E. C.'s" article follows:

"Now the wise men of the nation are studying a question full of important phases—the old question which always comes up when two alien races undertake to live out life together, under the same conditions. It is simplified to some extent when one is the dominant race and the other the definitely subjected one—the latter the servant class, and content to remain so. But when the alien race aims at equality it calls out the stubborn resistance of the stronger race, and an antagonism sets in, the end of which no man can see."

As for the school question itself, I cannot express an opinion. But I do not understand how the pupils in the schools are Japanese men; for education has been for long compulsory in Japan. Had these men not had a lower school education before they came to America? If they go merely to learn the English language, then, indeed, I sympathize with the Californians and believe that adult Japanese should be excluded. But as regards the little children, what a complication America would face, were it to supply separate schools for the children of every individual nationality!

The "social ostracism" of certain races is a sad thing, indeed; but when it strikes at a proud and noble people it is not only sad—it is foolhardy. The fact that California knows the individual Japanese as a domestic servant does not make of the Japanese a servile race.

The contempt with which the word "servant" is flung now at the Japanese awakes in me an understanding of the most important of all problems to American women—the servant problem. People are abandoning home life because of it. Race suicide is one of the direct results. And the reason? Because of the contemptuous term "servant."

Recently to your shores has come a new kind of servant—a self-respecting, clean, decent person, who in his very character has elevated the station of the servant. Would you discourage him also? He comes of a race which

deems no employment degrading. In Japan a mistress does not despise her maid. She will make the simple statement: "Who knows but that I may come to this myself."

We are all servants—of various sorts. I serve you, for whom I write. You serve your customers, or your clients. Shall each one of us kick at the one below us? And why is the work of a home, the cooking, the ministering to our personal wants and needs, not to be esteemed? To be done properly it should bring out the best traits of our character.

I myself have had servants in America of nearly every sort and kind. I had best service from the Japanese, for the simple reason that I found them less dissatisfied with their thankless work than were the others. But even they were affected by the attitude of Americans toward the servant. I remember Dan, a cook and butler, whose surliness, independence and resentful looks I never understood until I questioned him. He said, "Mrs., in America to be servant is to be dog. Velly well—dog bark and bite. Me too." Later I obtained the services of a newer recruit—an optimistic, apple-faced newcomer, whose shining eyes beheld everything American with astonishment and delight. Him I regrettfully dismissed because of his inability to understand morals—as viewed by a Westerner. Taku was wont to take his daily bath in a tub, openly set out in the center of my kitchen floor, and when a scandalized Irish maid would walk into the kitchen, he would arise politely and bow to her from his watery retreat.

Yes. The Japanese of the poorer class will work for you as servants—but not for long—for some day you will teach them the opprobrium of the term "servant," and the meanest Japanese has pride.

"M. E. C." avers that the Japanese hates the white man. He does not. I have never known one to do so yet. What race is engaged in the thankless employment of hating any other nation, save its oppressor or enemy.

I am not Oriental or Occidental either, but Eurasian. I must bleed for both my nations. I am Irish more than English—Chinese as well as Japanese. Both my fatherland and my motherland have been the victims of injustice and oppression. Sometimes I dream of the day when all of us will be world citizens—not citizens merely of petty portions of the earth, showing our teeth at each other, snarling, sneering, biting, and with the ambition of the murderer at our heart's core—every man with the savage instinct of the wild beast to get the better of his brother—to prove his greater strength—his mightier mind—the superiority of his color.

The Truth About Queen Draga. BY HER SISTER, MME. CHRISTINA PETROVITCH LUNYEVITZA.

(From the Fortnightly Review.)

I.

DRAGA AS QUEEN NATHALIE'S
"DAME D'HONNEUR."

MY sister Draga received her education in the Institute of Frau Zermann, the best school for young ladies in Belgrade at that time. A year after she had left the school her parents (while she was still very young and almost a child) arranged, without her consent, her marriage with the mining engineer, Svetozar Mashin. That marriage was not happy, more especially because her husband was addicted hopelessly to intemperance. Her family discovered that fact when it was too late. That marriage lasted two years and a few months. It was childless.

As a young widow she lived a very retired life with her mother and her younger sisters and brothers. Their income was very small, and poor Draga, the future Queen of Servia, was obliged to undertake literary work to improve the family's material position. She translated for a Servian newspaper Xavier Montepin's novel, "The Cat's Eye." Much later on, as Queen of Servia, she said on one occasion, in the presence of all the Ministers: "I am not ashamed of having been once a poor woman, and having tried to help myself by literary work."

In such circumstances she lived up to the autumn of the year 1891, when Queen Nathalie invited her to come to

Biarritz to act as her dame d'honneur, or court lady. From that time to the autumn of 1897 she lived at the court of Queen Nathalie. For all that time her life was perfectly pure and her conduct absolutely honorable. Queen Nathalie can, and must, confirm that fact if she fears God! She was even considered as a "strange creature," just because of her extreme reserve and irreproachable character. On one occasion a Spanish Infanta was dining with Queen Nathalie, who was describing to her royal guest the character and manner of life of her own dame d'honneur. Whereupon the Spanish princess exclaimed: "But is that possible? And is she in a normal state of health?"

In this connection I may mention that my sister Draga was always well received at the court of Spain, and she was the subject of much gracious sympathy on the part of the Queen Regent Christine and of the then little boy, King Alfonso. By special desire of Queen Christine she accompanied Queen Nathalie twice to San Sebastian. When General Franassovich went as Servia's special ambassador to Madrid (on the occasion of King Alfonso's coming of age), Infanta Eulalia spoke to him of the sympathy which all the members of the Spanish royal family had for Queen Draga.

Queen Nathalie used to laugh at Draga's idealistic notions of "love." "Things do not happen nowadays,

Draga, as you would wish them to happen," Queen Nathalie used often to say to her. "Don't expect anyone to come to play a mandoline under your window!" On another occasion she said, "You, Draga, seem to wait for a wonderful Prince of Folk-Lore!"

Queen Draga was then only twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. She was daily in the company of handsome, elegant, and witty French and Spanish noblemen. There is no man who could boast that he dared say an equivocal word in Draga's presence. Her conduct was absolutely correct, dignified, and proud. She knew well that her future was not at all secure in the service of Queen Nathalie. Six weeks after her arrival in Biarritz she had reason enough to weep over her destiny. It was a bitter life which my sister had to lead at the side of the ambitious and heartless Queen Nathalie. Always delicate in health, she was not always able to hold out during the famous long and fatiguing "walks" of Queen Nathalie. It was due to Draga's unsatisfactory strength in walking that the first disagreeable scenes happened between Queen Nathalie and Draga. Besides, she could not comply with the Queen's order to tear up all petitions for assistance without laying them before her. Nathalie was often annoyed and angry when my sister persisted in submitting to her letters and petitions which arrived at the Sachino Villa. Especially bitter was my sister's treatment at the hands of Queen Nathalie after 1893. In that year our mother died. Queen Nathalie wrote to me that, in order somewhat to console Draga, she had decided to educate at her own expense our youngest sister. In consequence of that, I sent my youngest sister to Paris, where at that time Queen Nathalie, with Draga, was staying. But Queen Nathalie seemed to have repented of her promise, and although she did place our sister in an inexpensive convent, she often reproached Draga for it, causing her pain and many sad and tearful hours.

By Queen Nathalie's side my sister Draga certainly had great opportunities of moving in the best society, but her lot was not as happy as some people thought.

II.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE IDEAL LOVE OF KING ALEXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA.

In the year 1894 King Alexander came for the first time to Biarritz to visit his mother. On that occasion he saw Queen Draga also for the first time.

Although by that time Draga had already suffered much from the injustice and heartlessness of Queen Nathalie, she rejoiced sincerely to see King Alexander arrive to visit his mother. In the young Alexander she admired the sovereign of her country, at the same time feeling for him deep sympathy and almost pity because, notwithstanding that he was a king, he was, practically, an orphan, left by his parents to the tender mercies of men who were nothing to him and who did not care for him.

The young king was, on that occasion, received with great cordiality by his mother. The pleasure which he felt at such a reception she cleverly utilized to make him invite her to visit him in Belgrade. This invitation was something like a victory for Queen Nathalie over King Milan.

In the autumn of the same year (1894) Queen Nathalie arrived in Belgrade, and was received officially and with great ceremony by her son. She was accompanied by her dame d'honneur, Draga, who was lodged with the queen-mother in the New Palace. During their sojourn in Belgrade that autumn the young king (who lived in the Old Palace) began to pay his attentions to Draga. My poor sister in the beginning did not even notice this. When, a little later, these special attentions were more evident and unmistakable, she thought they must not be taken seriously, and that the king only paid

them in the foolishness of his youthfulness. But, still later, the persistence of the young king filled her heart with anxiety, and she wondered what she should do!

When the king went to visit the king of Greece, and the rumor spread that he was going there to be engaged to Princess Mary of Greece, Draga prayed fervently that the engagement should take place, as she believed that such a marriage would be good for King Alexander and Servia. But our "brethren," the Russians, managed to prevent that union, sending in a great hurry one of their grand dukes, who became engaged to Princess Mary before the arrival of King Alexander in Athens.

During two years this young woman rejected the fervent declarations of King Alexander's love. This was known to several friends of the king. His first aide-de-camp, Colonel Tylrich, knew it well. On one occasion King Alexander was, in the presence of that colonel, pressing his mother's dame d'honneur to allow him to talk with her alone, which request Draga peremptorily refused. Thereupon, the colonel went to Queen Nathalie and told her that—although Mme. Mashin's character and conduct were irreproachable—it was necessary to send Draga away from the court, as the young king had fallen madly in love with her. Queen Nathalie went straight to her son to ask him if that was true. King Alexander was so annoyed at this betrayal by his first aide-de-camp that he immediately relieved Colonel Tylrich of his duties at the court.

But Queen Nathalie did not consider the love-making of her son to her court lady as a serious affair. She was amused by it, and used to laugh at it, and tease the young king about it. When, a little later, she noticed the persistence of King Alexander's attentions to her dame d'honneur, she tried to use Draga's influence for her own purposes. At that time she particularly wanted to persuade her son not to go to Carlsbad—where he was to

meet his father, King Milan—but to remain in Belgrade drinking at home the mineral waters. But in this she did not succeed.

When they returned to Biarritz Queen Nathalie one day forced Draga to sit down at her own (Nathalie's) writing-table and write to King Alexander that, "at the order of the queen she, also, takes the liberty of asking his majesty to come to Biarritz!" This was the very first letter which Draga wrote to King Alexander.

And King Alexander came to Biarritz, this time received somewhat coldly by his mother, who could not easily forgive him for spending several weeks that year with his father. During his sojourn at Sachino on that occasion Draga arrived at the conclusion that the young king's love for her was not the temporary effervescence of a young man's heart, but that it was the real and deep love of an affectionate and true, loving, warm heart. She herself, poor woman, notwithstanding her youth, beauty and affectionate disposition, never knew what true love was. We ought not to wonder that she was longing for such a love, nor ought any one to reproach her that at this time she began to waver in her, until then, absolutely firm resolve not to encourage the young king's love for her.

However, she would not have given way if the king had not at this time had a narrow escape from drowning in the sea. His swimming teacher, in his efforts to save the king's life, lost his own.

Arriving at Sachino after having been saved from death, he managed to be alone for a few moments with the object of his love. When she told him, deeply moved, how she thanked God he had been saved, the young king implored her to allow him, "in celebration of his having been brought to life again," to kiss her. She did allow him to do so. It was their first kiss. Who can justly reproach her that, in such an extraordinary circumstance, she did not refuse his request?

Meantime, her life in Queen Natha-

lie's service became more and more intolerable. Nathalie, seeing that her plans for exclusive influence with her son were not successful, became very irritable and ill-tempered. She came to the conclusion that Draga could not and would not make herself a tool for her ambitions. Indeed, Draga refused to exploit the young king's tender love for and devotion to her to estrange him from his father, even to secure the further friendship and good graces of Queen Nathalie. This can be proved by Queen Draga's letters to King Alexander from that time, letters by which she tried to induce him to show every deference and respect both to his father and his mother. Those letters were kept in King Alexander's private archives.

On the night of the assassination they were carried away, but they have not been destroyed. Those letters will one day prove the absolute truthfulness of my assertions.

My sister left Biarritz and arrived in Belgrade in November, 1897. From that time she lived only for her beloved king and for us. Queen Nathalie tried to persuade her to remain with her, and, indeed, retained our youngest sister, Voyka, with her. But all her efforts were unsuccessful.

III.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF KING AL- EXANDER AND QUEEN DRAGA.

After the arrival of my sister from Biarritz in Belgrade all sorts of intrigues were started against her by those few friends—mostly in petticoats—whom the ex-Queen Nathalie had in Belgrade. They were annoyed by the reserved and most dignified behavior of my poor sister, and still more by the constant devotion and faithfulness of King Alexander to her.

Their love was, in truth, something unique. It was evident that Providence had decreed it. But I will not say anything more about it here, and will pass on at once to the most important event of her life.

In the spring of 1900 Belgrade was full of rumors about the impending marriage of King Alexander. Often I found my poor sister in tears. She felt that the time was coming when she was to lose her "Sasha." I tried to console her, but often all my consolation consisted in weeping with her. She had resolved to leave not only Belgrade, but Servia altogether, and to live somewhere abroad, probably in France, which country she loved above every other, and where she had many friends and acquaintances who appreciated her very much. I begged her to take me with her, which she promised to do.

That was the situation up to June 26, O. S. (July 9, N. S.), 1900.

On that day she came to my vineyard, accompanied by our two youngest sisters, who, together with our youngest brother, Nicodemus, were living in her house.

The moment she arrived she said to me: "I have something of the greatest importance to tell you."

I took her into one of the rooms of my villa. She looked very serious and very troubled. The moment we were alone she asked me in great agitation:

"Dear sister, give me your advice! What am I to do? Something has happened that none of us could have foreseen!"

I was disturbed by her agitation; an intense fear came over me, and I begged her to tell me at once what was the matter.

"The king has told me that he has decided to make me his wife and to marry me! What on earth am I to do?" she said, in evident bewilderment.

I was dumfounded. For some moments I did not know what to say. At last I ventured to observe that she was intelligent and a woman of great good sense, and that she should act as God directed her, and not ask me for advice. I finished by asking her what answer she had given him.

"I implored him not to talk about marrying me! I told him that I would

not listen to it—that our marriage is an impossibility. What would his father, King Milan, say to it? What would the Servian dignitaries say, who expect a foreign princess for their queen?"

A strange fear overwhelmed me. I felt that we were standing before a great and grave crisis. I begged her to do all she could to make the king abandon that idea, to do everything so that later on she should have no reason to reproach herself.

"My dear sister," she said, "you do not know the character of the king. When he once decides to do something, no one—not even I—can induce him to change his resolve. But you are right, and I am personally of the same conviction, that it is my duty to do everything to induce him to give up the idea of marrying me."

And she really did everything she could to persuade him that he ought not to marry her. I doubt very much that any other woman in her place would have spoken to him as she did. She reminded him that the Servian people did not like to see young men marry widows; she drew his attention to the difference of their ages; she told him that she feared she would not be able to win the love of the people. But all her arguments were useless. He laughed at them, and repeatedly assured her that nothing could change his resolve.

Extremely alarmed, she thought that the only way to frustrate the king's intention was—to leave the country, live abroad, and make the king forget her. When she told him what she contemplated doing, the king's answer was:

"If you really mean to leave me by leaving Servia without my consent, then I also will leave Servia, the crown and everything, and follow you. I want to be happy, and without you I cannot be happy! I want you to be my wife before God and before my people."

After such a declaration, what could she do? That that statement was not

an empty menace and that King Alexander earnestly meant to do what he said, everybody who knew the king's character would admit. She argued with herself in this way: "If I consent to the marriage, I fear the consequences for him, but if I do not consent, and go away, then he will do what he said, leave the throne and the country, and be ruined! Whichever way I act, people will make me responsible and attack me." She used to walk about her room in great distress, exclaiming repeatedly, "Oh, God, why hast Thou brought me into this terrible dilemma? How knowest that I have always longed for a quiet and peaceful family life! What am I to do now? * * * Oh, show me what is Thy will, that I may do it!"

Yes, her ideal of a happy life was a quiet and peaceful home life. No woman was less ambitious than my poor sister, Queen Draga, a woman of noble heart and angelic soul.

On June 29 (July 12, N. S.) she came again to me to tell me that she had endeavored by all and every means to dissuade the king, but that she had not succeeded in making him abandon his intentions. I thereupon said to her: "If that is so, then may God help you both, and that is all I can say."

On July 6 (July 19, N. S.) she came to me for the last time as my own sister Draga. She was accompanied by our youngest brother, Nicodemus, to whom on that day she confided the great news. Poor Queen Draga! If she could only have foreseen that the cursed throne would cost them both their lives!

Parting most affectionately from me, she said: "I shall not be able to come to you, my dear sister, any more. The king will to-day inform his government of his decision. He has invited the dignitaries and the generals to tell them that he has chosen me for his wife. On Sunday he will come to me to be formally engaged."

But instead of on Sunday, the engagement took place, in consequence of unforeseen events, on Saturday,

July 8 (21st), amidst the greatest emotion.

On that day, about noon, my sister Draga was sitting quietly in her morning room, with our two younger sisters and our younger brother Nicodemus. Suddenly the door-bell was rung violently. When the maid opened the door two gentlemen rushed in and, in great excitement, asked to see madame at once. Those men were the Home Minister, Genchitch (who afterwards turned a traitor to his king), and the Minister of Public Works, Lieutenant-Colonel Neschitch. Our brother met them. "Where is madame? We want to speak with her at once!" Our brother requested them politely to enter the drawing-room, while he went to fetch his sister. "No, no!" they shouted, in great agitation; "you must take us at once to her. We must speak with her without delay."

But my sister would not appear before them until she had dressed in a toilette de ville.

The moment she entered the room both ministers addressed her almost in a rage, shouting: "Madame, you must at once leave the country! You must this moment leave Belgrade, and go across the river to Hungary."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," my sister answered quietly, "but what have I done that you consider you have the right to order me to leave the country?"

"We cannot discuss the question with you. You must leave the country this very moment, without delay!"

"But for God's sake, why?"

"It is in the interest of the country and of the king that you go abroad at once!"

"If it is in the interests of the king," my sister said, "I give you my word of honor that I will go away the moment I finish packing a few things. But if something happens to the king, or if he should do something desperate, then the responsibility will be yours."

"We accept the full responsibility, only you leave the country at once."

The traitor Genchitch suggested that

she should go for a few hours to his wife, to their own villa in the vineyard on the hill of Topchider (a few miles from the town). But Draga refused to do that.

"I will go at once; I will not see the king; but if anything untoward occurs to him, the sin be on your souls!"

The ministers then left. She gave orders that only a few of the most necessary things should be packed in a small portmanteau, and sent the maid to fetch a cab, kissed her sisters, and asked them to go the next day to Zimony (the town on the Hungarian shore of the Danube), where she would be waiting for them. She remained a few moments alone with her brother, asked him to swear to her that he would not tell any one where she had gone, and then confided to him that she was going to—Aunt Mira. That she earnestly meant to hide herself is best proved by the fact that she did not come to me, her own sister. As she afterwards explained to me, she did not come to me because she thought the king would naturally think that she had taken refuge with me, and would then come at once to my house in search of her.

Hardly had my sister Draga left her house, when our two young sisters, still crying, and our brother Nicodemus heard the sharp trotting of some horsemen. When they looked through the window they saw the young king, accompanied by several horsemen of the Royal Guard. The king rang violently at the street door and asked to be let in at once. Our brother, after a few moments of astonishment, rushed to the front door and opened it. The king gave him his hand and greeted him: "How do you do, my brother-in-law?" and then rushed into the house, asking, "Where is Madame Draga?" When he did not find her in the drawing-room he went from room to room in a state of increasing alarm, looking for her. Seeing that she was not in the house, he asked my brother: "Tell me, where is Madame Draga?"

"I cannot tell you, sire, where she

is, as, on her demand, I made an oath not to tell any one where she had gone," he answered.

"But before you made that oath to your sister," continued the king, "you made an oath of fidelity and obedience to me, and now I as your king command you to tell me where your sister is. No," he said after a moment, "as you evidently know where she is, I command you to go and bring her here at once!"

The king entered the drawing-room again, while my brother remained in the hall with the king's aide-de-camp, Colonel Damyan Popovitch, who later on became one of the principal regicides. My brother hesitated, and looked at the colonel, who whispered to him: "No, don't go! Don't go!"

My brother felt disgusted. "But, colonel," he answered, whispering, in amazement, "how can I refuse to obey my king?"

At that moment King Alexander shouted from the drawing-room: "Nicodemus, take my own carriage, and go and fetch Madame Draga. If she does not come at once, I will order that every house in the town shall be searched until she is found."

Nicodemus did not take the king's carriage, but went on foot to Aunt Mira's house. The king remained in the drawing-room with our young sisters, and the Horse Guards stood in the street before the house. The king was most impatient, looking through the window every moment to see if his poor fiancee were not returning.

When my brother reached Aunt Mira's house he found it closed. He had some difficulty in getting admission. He said to our sister Draga: "I pray thee, come at once. The king calls thee, and waits for thee at thy house." He told her what the king said about the searching of every house in town.

Our sister then considered for a moment what to do. And, having come to the conclusion that it was the will

of Divine Providence, and fearing always lest the king should do something desperate, she, in deep agitation and bitterly crying, returned to her own house, where King Alexander received her most tenderly and immediately placed on her finger the engagement ring.

This is how it happened that the engagement took place on Saturday instead of on Sunday. The king told us that himself.

He—the king—was presiding at a Cabinet Council at the palace, convened by him for the purpose of acquainting the ministers with his intention to formally engage himself with Madame Draga the next day.

"In the midst of the discussion I suddenly noticed," said the king, "that Genchitch and Borivoy Neschtitch had left the room. Immediately the thought came to me that perhaps they had left to remove Draga while I was in the palace trying to break the resistance of my other ministers. I rang the bell. The officer on duty, Captain Blaznavatz, entered the room. 'Where are the Ministers Genchitch and Neschtitch?' 'They have left the palace, in the direction of the Krunka Ulitza'—Krunka Ulitza was the street in which our sister's house was situated. "That was enough for me to guess what was the situation," continued the king. "I took out from my bosom the little elkon (holy picture) and asked the ministers to swear to me on it that they would not leave the palace before I returned. I then gave orders that the Horse Guards should at once mount their horses, that my carriage should be brought, dressed myself in general's uniform, and entrusted my aide-de-camp, Damyan, to carry the ring. And then I hurried to Draga's house, to find that she had disappeared!"

So my sister's enemies, instead of succeeding in their attempt to prevent King Alexander's engagement with Draga, only succeeded in causing it to take place a day earlier.

The Liberal Government and Its Opponents.

By J. A. SPENDER.

(From the *Contemporary Review*.)

WE have had the expected lull after the excitements of last January, and during the summer months of this year the public by all the signs were dead to politics. But with the meeting of Parliament for its autumn sitting, it is realized that we are living in extremely interesting times. Discovery is gradually being made of the meaning and results of the General Election. On the one side we see the biggest Parliamentary majority of our time firmly established in the House of Commons; on the other, we see the House of Lords treating the chief bill which this majority has completed in its first session as if nothing had happened since 1902. There is an element of comedy in the peculiar method chosen by the bishops and peers for the "reconstitution" of the Education Bill, but that scarcely disguises the direct challenge thrown thus early by the unrepresentative House to the victors at the last election. This and more treatment of the same kind which threatens other measures portends a long constitutional crisis to decide whether we are, after all, in any real sense a democratic country.

Simultaneously there has been much searching of heart within the Liberal Party as to its relations with labor, which means in large part its attitude towards the future and to the social legislation which will be demanded in

the future. Meanwhile, the government is seriously applying itself to the problem of harmonizing democracy with the government of an empire, which means first putting the army on a footing which shall suffice for the defence of our interests over seas without restraining the liberties of the individual or unduly infecting our politics with military ambitions and ideals, and next finding the middle term between the opinion of self-governing colonies and the opinion of the home public.

In these and other respects we are testing our political system for the first time, and questions which were held in suspense during the Home Rule period and the South African period are now at length beginning to stir the electorate constituted in 1884. Thanks to the skill and prudence with which foreign affairs have been conducted, the present government has thus far escaped the embarrassments and entanglements which from the first weeks of its career onwards blighted and thwarted until the government of 1880. The Colonial Office also has so handled the problems of South Africa as to gain credit where its opponents predicted mischief and disaster. Here are great advantages upon which the most sanguine of us could scarcely have counted with confidence twelve months ago, and we are accord-

ingly free for the moment to apply our minds to internal affairs.

The question of Liberal and Labor is for the moment overlaid with other controversies, but it is of such enduring importance that one can scarcely regret the time which has been spent on it this autumn, thanks to the indiscretion of the Scottish whip. Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends have, of course, no right to complain if Liberals are hostile to candidates who declare their hostility to the Liberal party. And in so far as the Liberal whips seek to defend their candidates against those who attack them in the constituencies, they are merely doing their duty. But the rest of us have been anxious lest in the pursuit of this quarrel with Mr. Keir Hardie the party should be thrown into opposition to the legitimate ideals of labor, and the keener spirits in the working-class led to suppose they must look elsewhere for satisfaction. That would be a misfortune not merely for the Liberal party, but for the country as a whole, which has hitherto been saved from the bitterer kind of class politics by the co-operation of the middle-class and working-class Progressives. For this reason, if for no other, a good many of us were seriously concerned when the Scottish whip passed out of the sphere of organization into a general declaration of policy which might easily have led to a rupture between these two forces.

One thing is clear to start with: If the working class votes Conservative, as large portions of it have done during the last twenty years, or if it is divided against itself, or if a section of it succeeds in scaring the public about the security of its property, the Liberal party goes out and the Conservative party comes back. It is almost the most elementary fact about British politics, that when the public is scared about property, it votes Tory by way of making assurance doubly sure. A Liberal, therefore, who sets out to persuade them that Socialism is a serious

menace must do so with the full knowledge that he is presenting votes to his opponents. It might conceivably be his duty to do it, notwithstanding, but let him at least be clear that the proceeding is quixotic and disinterested in the highest degree.

Can it be anybody's duty to raise this alarm at the present moment? A glance back at quite recent history will, I think, help us to take a moderate view of the present circumstances. The difficulty in the past has been to get the working class to take any continuous interest in advanced politics. Socialism has flared up temporarily in bad times and died down again as suddenly in good. The great sporting interest and the great public-house interest have their revivals between times. Or a war breaks out, and the working-class is diverted from home politics and swept by the war fever, like other classes.

Twenty years ago Socialism was apparently in a stronger position than today. Causes like land nationalization seemed really imminent when Henry George was on the warpath with a considerable backing from substantial middle-class people. The Fabian Society was then in its ardent youth, and eminent men of letters like William Morris and Ruskin were sowing the seed by their vehement impeachment of modern industrialism. And yet in spite of all these efforts we have since lived through nearly twenty years of Conservative Government.

At length, by a joint effort of the working and middle classes some fifty Labor members have been returned to the House of Commons, and of these but the merest handful would avow themselves to be Socialists. There is, indeed, a group which dreams of a working-class party independent of all middle-class parties, and since the Liberal party is the chief obstacle to that ideal, this group is tempted to declare war on the Liberal party. But this is a class quarrel rather than a quarrel about political principle; and Liberals

should be careful to distinguish the two things. For Mr. Keir Hardie and those who wish the working class to be politically separate get their chief advantage when they can say that Liberals are opposed, not merely to this kind of organization, but to the policy and principles of the labor movement. The bulk of the Labor M. P.'s are, I believe, not at all anxious to pursue the quarrel on these lines. They realize that the chance of maintaining their present position will depend at the next election, as it did at the last, on a good working relation between Liberal and Labor, and that if Labor broke away and hoisted the flag of Socialism in opposition to Liberalism, it would emerge in an infinitely worse position, even though it inflicted disaster on the Liberal party.

The painful thought to a man of really Liberal disposition is not that the poor agitate or that they make impracticable and extravagant demands, but that so many of them acquiesce inertly in conditions which are fatal to a civilized existence. As Liberals we may disagree with some of the ultimate solutions which the Labor leaders advocate, but our sympathies are wholly with them in their efforts to stir the working class into a fresh life and quicker realization of the things that are wrong in society as it is. It is good news, not bad, that the peripatetic lecturer is rousing the young men and giving them fresh interests and more intelligent thoughts, however visionary these may seem to staid and elderly politicians. This is exactly what the country wants, and its way of redemption from the tyranny of drink and gambling and from the low level of thought and culture which gives free play to these vices. The least that can be expected of Liberals is that they should be sympathetic to this movement, even when it manifests itself in ways that are temporarily inconvenient to party organizers, for the good so far outweighs the evil that

they can wait with confidence for the final ingathering.

Let us, if possible, persuade the Labor leaders to study the susceptibilities of the British people and not to be too sanguine about their immediate conversion to extreme views. It would be a fiasco for both parties if, having alarmed the public about certain projects which may ripen in a more or less remote future, they found themselves unable with their combined forces to break down the opposition of the House of Lords to other immediate and quite moderate measures. But let us also remember that this ferment about ideals and with it the discussion of all manner of generous and visionary schemes is absolutely essential even to the Liberal movement. The Liberal party has no future and no intellectual basis unless it can keep in touch with this movement and gradually guide it to practical issues. If we quench the smoking flax or strike the attitude of the stern parent scenting heresy in the opinions of the rising generation we shall presently find that we have destroyed the force on which Liberal politics of a practical kind depend.

The political orthodox will have to resign themselves to a good many shocks during the next few years, for the whole world is apparently exploring anew some of the fundamental questions about the sphere of the state and the sphere of the individual. Everybody talks glibly about Socialism, but there is so far no approach to agreement about what is meant by the word. Latterly the fashion among politicians has been to use the blessed word "collectivism," for that avoids most of the emotions which attach to its synonym. Nothing is commoner than to hear a good Conservative, who would be shocked if anyone called him a Socialist, declaring blandly that the Tory party is the true collectivist party; and, indeed, Professor Dicey has just told us that the long period of Tory Government which came to an end last

year may properly be described as the collectivist period.

It is not at all fanciful to suppose that an astute Conservative leader who had scared the public about Socialism might next succeed in attracting the working-class voter by "collectivism." The Master of Elibank tried to explain what he meant by laying down four principles, to which he said, with some courage, that the Liberal party was unalterably opposed; but the merest glance showed that nearly all of them were already embedded in our legislation and by no means least in the recent legislation of the Conservative party. The late Government expropriated the water companies and was not unwilling to expropriate the dock companies; the argument which it had with its opponents on these subjects was not as to the propriety of state action, but as to the particular kind of public authority to be set up and the amount of compensation to be paid to private interests—details which have nothing to do with Socialism proper. Conservative statesmen have advocated old age pensions and Conservative Boards of Guardians have on the whole been much more inclined than Liberal to the indiscriminate distribution of out-relief which is denounced as Socialism in Poplar.

In saying this I have no desire to confuse the boundaries or to deny the importance of the issue. But the lines are not yet drawn on this subject and they probably never will be drawn in such a way as to coincide with the divisions between existing parties. We are in the stage in which free speech and free thought is for the benefit of everybody, and in which party leaders have no call to excommunicate heretics. Wherever men are serious, they must be concerned with the unequal distribution of wealth and its gravitation under modern conditions into the hands of a few powerful individuals or Trusts.

America, as Mr. Wells has been telling us in his brilliant book ("The

Future in America"), is in revolt against the chaotic individualism of her industrial system, and the most popular plank in Mr. Hearst's platform at the recent election was apparently his advocacy of what in this country would be called municipalization against the tyranny of the Trusts which batten on American cities. If Americans really got in into their heads that their choice was between state monopoly and private monopoly, they might yet astonish the world by the audacity of their experiments.

Prediction on this subject is quite useless, but we may fairly look forward to a long period of ferment on this question. The difficulty in this country is to let opinion go free and to release the disputants to speak honestly to each other without damaging the party system which is our necessary machinery for practical politics. It is scarcely to be expected that zealous propagandists should forgo the special opportunity of educating the public which is offered by a contested election; it is still less to be expected that the politicians in possession will withdraw in order to give the propagandists their opportunity. Since the pursuance of this quarrel means equal disaster to both parties, some sort of working compromise is likely to be found, as before, when a General Election approaches, but it is in the meantime becoming a serious question whether the adoption of the second ballot would not from the public point of view be the better solution, for that would leave the propagandists free to pursue their campaign in the constituencies, and yet provide security that the member should ultimately be the choice of the majority.

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The Liberal and Labor question, however, may easily be determined in this Parliament by the House of Lords question. For if that assembly blocks the way, it must quickly become clear to both parties that mutual succor and

concentration of forces are absolutely essential at this stage.

How much of reality there is in recent proceedings of the House of Lords it is impossible for anyone except the peers to say, and they probably do not know. One is in the dilemma of having to impute a levity to the proceedings of this grave assembly which has not till now been thought part of its character, or to assume a miscalculation of the forces at work which does equally little credit to its sagacity. Possibly the situation will have cleared up before these lines appear in print, but at the moment it is common ground between all parties that, whatever may happen to the Education bill, there is not and never was the slightest chance of its being "reconstituted" in the manner that the peers and bishops propose. For they have not only obliterated the Government bill, but they have used the paper on which it was written to construct a new bill far stronger in its denominational tendencies than even Mr. Balfour's bill of 1902.

It would be waste of time to dwell in detail on the process by which they have arrived at this result, but the effect is, roughly speaking, to compel the local authorities to permit the denominational system to go on as before and on every day of the week in ex-voluntary schools and to place the teaching staff at the disposal of the clergy for that purpose, while a new opening is secured for the church in the provided schools in single-school areas and the widest opportunities in all areas of establishing sectarian schools which shall be withdrawn from the control of the authorities. Nearly all that the Government took away from the denominationalists has been restored; everything that the Government gave in compensation for what they took is retained and extended. If the bill passed as the House of Lords proposes, the rent that the Government offered would be added to the rates that Mr. Balfour gave, and scarcely

anything else would be altered except to the advantage of the church.

Mere secular politicians would scarcely have conceived this courageous plan for inverting the mandate that the Government received from the country last January. The history of the famous wear and tear clause of 1902 is, however, on record to show us how much wiser the children of light can be than the children of this world. For it was a bishop who invented the ingenious device whereby in that year the financial control of the House of Commons was evaded, and a little more money obtained for the church than Mr. Balfour proposed. It is the bishops again this year who have swept Lord Lansdowne off his feet and brushed aside the milk and water moderation of the House of Commons Unionists. One would have thought that an appearance of moderation would have served them well within so short a time of the great disaster to their party, and the more so because it was possible to take the sting out of the bill by a very few amendments, each of which could have been defended with a show of reason. Yet to the bishops the election apparently means so little that they think the moment opportune for making proposals which, as Mr. Birrell said at Bristol, could not be made by the Unionist party if the election were blotted out and Mr. Balfour re-established on the Treasury Bench with his former majority.

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A lasting settlement of the education question is immensely to be desired, and it is well recognized on the Government side that some give and take is necessary to it. Settlement, however, is impossible, unless it is recognized that the two principles of popular control and abolition of tests to which the Liberal party pledged itself at the last election have a definite meaning, carrying definite consequences which cannot be evaded by any skilful make-believe. If the whole system is to go on as before except for a change of

nomenclature in an Act of Parliament, it would be folly for the Government to devote a large sum of public money to the pretence of changing it. The thing aimed at may be good or bad, but the government would reduce itself to absurdity, if having asked the public to pay for it, it left the thing undone. It has always seemed to some of us that there was one possible line of compromise which left the central principles of the government bill intact, and that was to grant the "right of entry" into all the schools, provided the teaching staff was kept absolutely clear of the denominational instruction. That is in practice the easiest way of giving the denominationalists their opportunity without impairing the principles of public control and freedom from tests. It would still no doubt be necessary to add the frank exception of the extended facilities schools, in which the teacher would be a denominational teacher and the atmosphere that of the denomination, but this should be strictly limited to the children of parents who are in the true sense of the term conscientious objectors to any other schools.

Now the House of Lords must, I suppose, be taken to have rejected this solution when it refused Lord Balfour of Burleigh's amendment—one of the most decisive events of the committee's stage. If so, there is nothing more to say about it. Its difficulties are very great. The Nonconformists cry "hands off the provided schools"; the teachers object to the intrusion of amateurs, and the clergy are only too willing to depute the teaching office to the professionals, provided they have security that these are of their faith. These obstacles might be removed by persuasion and argument, if it could be said to the objectors that the Church would in return for concessions be prepared to abandon all other claims upon the schools and their staffs. But if the Church is not willing to do this, and if she herself has no mind for this solution, no government could attempt

to force it on unwilling parties. It would, in any case, have been extremely difficult to recast the bill in this sense before the end of the session, and I am afraid after the rejection of Lord Balfour's amendment this course must be held impossible.

Assuming this to be so, let me try to state roughly how the chief questions will present themselves to both parties, if there is a real desire for settlement in the final stage. The main question for the government will, I still believe, be whether they can concede the demand that the teacher shall continue the denominational lesson in the transferred schools. If that were conceded, one could not imagine the Church rejecting the bill, for the practical result in four-fifths of the schools would be to leave nearly everything as before, the teacher taking the lesson on two days a week, as before, and being appointed, as before, with a view to his fitness for that part of his duties. The Nonconformist would, indeed, be able to withdraw his child on the two days of the week without invoking the conscience clause, but the non-attendance of his child would carry with it the same consequences as hitherto, and the denominational character would not be disturbed even in the single-school districts. Where a Liberal or a Nonconformist authority was in power it might retaliate by appointing in future only such teachers as it was assured beforehand would object to taking this lesson—i. e., by applying a sort of anti-test which would be fully as objectionable as any other test. But this would be a rare incident, and in most cases would not be possible except after the eviction of the existing teacher, which would be more objectionable still.

If the government passed the bill in this form it could have no illusions about the results. Within two or three years of its becoming law—possibly on the eve of another General Election—it would be discovered that nothing had happened except that a fresh dip had

been made into the pockets of the taxpayer and ratepayer for the benefit of the voluntary schools, and for this unnecessary gratuity the government, rather than the Church, would be held responsible.

If any churchman will take the trouble to reason it out from the government's point of view, he must see that it is no mere obstinacy or bigotry which renders this concession difficult. From the Liberal point of view the main purpose of the bill is to make the system frankly a public system, and above all to release the teaching staff from the entanglement which in nearly half the schools divides its allegiance and compels it to serve two masters. If that can be done, something of importance is done for education and for the country which justifies the efforts of the last three years and the concessions made in other parts of the bill. If it cannot be done, what else is there in the bill which is worth purchasing by the extra grant of public money, or—a still more serious matter—the setting up of the extended facilities schools? The more that question is reflected on the more difficult it is to answer.

I own, then, I have great doubts whether any compromise is possible on Clause VIII. The plan of leaving existing teachers to go on as before is open to the objection that it will tempt some authorities to continue existing teachers when they are otherwise unsuitable, in order that they may take the denominational lesson; and tempt other authorities to get rid of teachers who are otherwise suitable in order that they may obtain the benefits of the act.

A prolonged moratorium before the new system is established is for many reasons highly undesirable. To secure Clause VIII. substantially as it stands is, therefore, vital to the government, but, if that can be done, the way will be clear for give and take in other directions. Obviously the government will not insist on removing compul-

sion from religious teaching, nor need they boggle at any amendments required to give the voluntary schools security that the local authority will not for any arbitrary reason decline to take them over when they are suitable and necessary. The substitution of a majority for "four-fifths" as the necessary proportion of parents required for extended facilities schools is, of course, impossible, but if the ballot is retained, three-fourths of those voting would probably be a sufficient proportion. The point is, as I have already suggested, that those schools should be a provision for parents who are conscientious objectors to the normal system, and not an opportunity for clergy who wish to break down the normal system.

The difficulty is to make any amendments which will not convert the clause from the first to the second of these things. That, indeed, is the difficulty from beginning to end. The bill was already loaded with concessions and exceptions when it went to the House of Lords, and it was cast in such a form that even slight alterations are liable to invert its intention. There is no disguising the fact that many of these concessions are greatly resented by supporters of the government who do not forget that they won, and the Church lost, the last election. That, however, is a fact which the peers and bishops find it very difficult to remember.

Whatever happens, I suppose it must be taken for granted that the House of Commons will refuse to consider the Lords amendments in detail. To do so would be equivalent to entering upon the committee stage of an entirely new bill with the prospect that the session would be prolonged into next year and a large slice taken out of next session. No one who knows the temper of this House can imagine that it is going to put itself to this trouble to arrive at an absolutely foregone conclusion, nor, if it did so, would the chances of peace be at all improved.

The best hope now is to get as quickly as possible to some kind of practical negotiation between those who speak for the Commons and those who speak for the Lords.

The difficulty at this stage is that though we know who the first are, we cannot say for certain who the second are. In past times, when the two houses were at deadlock, the peacemakers could appeal with certainty to Lord Cairns and Archbishop Tait, and in later days to Lord Salisbury. But nothing in recent debates has been more noticeable than the absence of a controlling hand to keep the extremists within bounds or even to keep the House informed as to the cumulative effect of the amendments proposed. The result has been a state of confusion and perplexity as far as possible removed from the businesslike gravity which is commonly claimed for the proceedings of the House of Lords.

The government has been admirably served in these debates by Lord Crewe, who has never lost his nerve or his temper, or, so far as an observer from without can judge, made a false point, whatever the provocation.

The House, however, is ruled by the Opposition and the bishops. Among these the Archbishop of Canterbury, while using studiously moderate language, has drifted into a position in which he appears to be the advocate of the extremist course. Neither Lord Lansdowne nor Lord St. Aldwyn appears to have made any definite arrangement with him for a joint course of action; the Duke of Devonshire has intervened with great effect at certain moments, but has taken no regular part or responsibility.

The bill as it came out of the committee was, apart from its inversion of the government policy, a hopeless tangle of administrative impossibilities. Everybody had had a hand in it, and nobody was responsible for it. The movers of the different amendments blamed each other for results which none of them had anticipated. All this

follows as a matter of course when an Opposition, which is not united and organized, and which has no responsibility, takes upon itself to "reconstitute" a bill.

Yet the fact that the result was to this extent unpremeditated may help to a settlement, if the Archbishop of Canterbury can find his way back to his right position of moderator of the English Church, and if men like the Duke of Devonshire and others who believe that popular institutions count for something will assert themselves at the last stage. Nothing need be regarded as a foregone conclusion now that the Trades Disputes Bill has been accepted by the Unionist party in the House of Commons without a division and after something like a benediction from Mr. Balfour. A calm weighing of the consequences which follow from the loss of the Education Bill will not, I think, make rejection seem quite so clear and easy a course as some ardent Churchmen suppose.

This is not the last Liberal government which will be seen in this generation, but it is certainly the last stand which the Church will be able to make against the logical consequences of the Act of 1902. Other solutions, simpler and more drastic, will be powerfully advocated by men who are lukewarm to the present proposals because they think them too complicated and too favorable to the denominationalists. The Church, meanwhile, will rely wholly on the House of Lords to support her claim to ascendancy in schools which are entirely maintained out of rates and taxes. That must, surely, seem a perilous position to any Churchmen of long vision who look to the future in a democratic country.

In the immediate future the government and Mr. Birrell will be thrown back on administering the Act of 1902. We already know what that means even under a Conservative government, but, if the bill is lost, passive resistance will, I imagine, be more formidable than before, and no power exists

which can compel the Welsh Councils to vote rates for Church schools, or, for that matter, any English Councils which follow their example. What the Church and the House of Lords have to reckon with in this matter is not the ordinary kind of political agitation, by public meeting and Hyde Park demonstrations, which will flag and die down when refusal becomes definite, but the stubborn resistance in administration of serious and zealous people who are deeply in earnest. And all the while the man in the street will more and more be converted to secular education as the only possible way out of the interminable impasse,

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instant battle and a long and careful campaign on these lines. What is to be feared and what must be avoided is loss of patience and flurried counsels leading to disaster on some minor and confused issue half-way through the normal life of the government.

Here we may learn something from the disaster of 1895. The government of that year declined the opportunity of challenging the House of Lords on the Home Rule question and failed to make an opportunity on other questions. It fell on the cordite vote, while the bills which might have "filled up the cup" were still fighting their way through the House of Commons. It is not to be blamed for its failure. It fought gallantly and tried heroic measures with a majority which fluctuated between 10 and 20.

The government, of course, will not dissolve Parliament if the bill is lost. It is trustee of a great many causes besides education, and not least of free trade. The House of Lords question may at the end of a normal period of office present itself as the dominant issue, but, if so, it will be an issue summing up and concentrating in itself a whole series of conflicts between the two Houses. The time for that is not yet, and least of all can the present government with its immense majority afford to lose patience and declare the conditions impossible after one session. What is expected of it is continuous and patient effort in administration as well as legislation so that, when the time comes, it may say truly that it has done its best and ask the country to remove the veto by which it has been thwarted.

The essential thing is that the Cabinet should definitely make up its mind as to the right course and not be driven from it by vacillating or divided counsels. If the decision is, as I think it should be, for three or four years' hard work in spite of the House of Lords, then the work must be mapped out and carried through in such form and order that the public may see, as they have not seen before, what the House of Lords veto really means. In this matter there is no middle course between

Lord Rosebery raised the House of Lords question at the election, but the Cabinet was not united, and he got little or no support from his more eminent colleagues. The speeches he made on this occasion will bear re-reading during the next few years, and I rather think that some people who doubted their wisdom at the time will come to regard them as scrolls of prophecy. But while every sort of excuse may be made for that government, no kind of excuse could be made for that government, no kind of excuse could be made for this government if with its big majority and established position in the House of Commons it were similarly caught between wind and water. Its measures must have the House of Commons behind them, they must be straightforward, well drafted and easily defensible. They must be completed in the House of Commons, and, if rejected or mutilated by the House of Lords, they must be briefly reaffirmed by the House of Commons with the aid of the guillotine closure and sent up again for a second rejection or mutilation, if that must be. At the same time let no false point be taken or any mere obstinacy shown against amendments which are plainly reasonable.

Above all, let the leaders of the party work together and agree to bring their various measures to the same focus. On these lines the government will either reap a substantial harvest in spite of the House of Lords or be able to put the House of Lords question to the country as it has never before been put.

The quiet citizen who hoped to escape from raging and tearing propagandas for a few years may find this prospect far from consoling. It is indeed a vain hope that politics can be free from excitement in these times. Neither in Europe nor in America can that kind of peace be guaranteed to any citizen of a living and progressive state. But politics need not be violent because they are serious and interesting, and in any case there is an abundance of work to be done by hard and quiet workers which should lie outside the area of disturbance.

Such is the reform of the Poor law, which ought to be the chief social measure of this government and which need by no means divide parties or bring the two Houses into conflict. One sees in the mind's eye a measure which should, so to speak, strike a new compact between social classes, be more humane and intelligent to the deserving poor on condition that the undeserving were visited with sharper discipline. Experiments such as well-meaning people made at Poplar came to grief because they relaxed the conditions of relief without applying the discipline. And the failure proves to us not that Mr. Crooks and Mr. Lansbury were wrong in desiring to humanize the Poor law, or wrong even in desiring to demonstrate the unfairness of the rating system, as between the richer and the poorer areas, but that the problem is far too wide and deep to be dealt with at the discretion of Boards of Guardians making haphazard and unrelated experiments in different parishes. Equal rating and uniform policy, combined with the abolition of all that considerable part of the pres-

ent Poor law, which manufactures paupers and enables loafers and ne'er-do-wells to fasten themselves on to the public without fear of penal consequences should release funds for the rational treatment of the children, the aged and the genuine unemployed. Here is work which need not cause violent controversy, but which will need the best thought of the best brains and prove a real test of constructive statesmanship.

A variety of other measures come under the same category, and in so far as they are pursued with zeal, the government will escape the discredit which the House of Lords can inflict on a Liberal ministry by the mere act of rejecting its measures and thus reducing it to futility. The first session has been well planned on these lines. Even assuming the worst to have happened, which means that the House of Lords will have rejected or caused the abandonment of the Education Bill, the Plural Voting Bill, and possibly the Land Tenure Bill, the measures that survive, such as the Trades Dispute Bill, the Merchant Shipping Bill and the Workmen's Compensation Bill will represent a good deal more than the harvest of an average session of Parliament. If this degree of energy can be kept up, the country will see clearly what a Liberal Government can do and what it could have done but for the veto of the House of Lords. And all the time finance will be open to it without obstruction, and we may hope that it will be proved to all classes that by economy on one side and the creation of fresh sources of revenue and redistribution of burdens on the other, it is possible to supply the needs of the country and to find the necessary funds for social reform without flying to the desperate remedy of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal schemes.

On these lines we ought gradually to work to a very clear and simple issue. Nothing can be predicted with absolute certainty, for no man can say in advance where the House of Lords

will yield and where it will stand firm, but suppose at the end of four years that a Liberal Government could, in existing circumstances, make no progress with education, or temperance legislation, or land reform, and suppose that in the meantime it had reaped practically the whole harvest from what may be called the neutral ground, then in a last session of Parliament the rejected measures would be brought definitely before the country, and submitted to its judgment. And then, I think, it would become plain that the issue was not merely between one House and the other, but between a party endeavoring, according to its lights, to stand for the public and certain great interests which were permanently entrenched in the Second Chamber.

At this point much, if not everything, would depend on the attitude of Labor. "Leave that to us," said Mr. Keir Hardie, when someone suggested that the House of Lords would reject the Trades Disputes Bill. It can, indeed, with confidence be left to Labor, if Labor is well organized and will accept the necessary conditions of political warfare in this country. The first of these is the concentration of all available forces on the immediate objective. If there are to be divisions and quarrels and split candidatures, or if we are to be asked to discuss ideal reconstitutions of society to take place when there is no House of Lords, and we are all in our graves, then we may look out for a reaction in which the Tory party and the House of Lords will be set up for another ten years. For if

the public is seriously scared about Socialism, thousands of voters who object to the action of the House of Lords will give their support to the Unionist party in the belief that with all its faults the Second Chamber must be kept strong to defend us against worse evils.

Impatient politicians are occasionally to be heard saying that, if the House of Lords does this or that, the old Liberal party, with its constitutional procedure, must be abandoned as useless, and recourse had to a new kind of extremist guerilla warfare. There could be no greater mistake, if the object is to get things done in our own time. Nothing is to be done in this country except by patient effort on constitutional lines, and in proportion as the case is strong, action must be patient, if persistent.

If the House of Lords during the next few years succeeded in causing flurry and agitation and divided counsels in the Liberal and Labor ranks, so that one party scared the public by its violence, while another spent its time in apologizing for the indiscretions of its allies, the battle would have been lost before the next election came. Here there is no possible half-way house. If the Liberal party determines to play the long game, it must play it with composure, dignity and patience; so arranging its Parliamentary business that the climax should be reached at the right moment, and that as little energy as possible should be wasted in the meantime in mere verbal protests against what cannot be resented effectively till another election comes.



M.M.

The Riddle of Emotional Expression.

By J. DONOVAN.

(From the Westminster Review.)

THE wisdom of Darwin's attitude toward the work of writers whose principles or standpoints were opposed to his own is nowhere better exemplified than in his appreciation of Sir Charles Bell's attempt to grapple with the difficult problem of expression, and his protest against the neglect which Bell's work had suffered at the hands of foreign writers on the subject. Indeed, the attitude of the evolutionist chief in this matter might, even to-day, well serve the cause of science if it warned some of his followers against too hasty a conclusion that Bell's suggestions on the subject of expression are already obsolete. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, the foundations for inquiry laid down by Sir Charles Bell appear to form the only basis upon which the problem of expression can ever be worked out to a satisfactory and strictly scientific solution.

As is well known, it was through working upon the knotty problem of expression that Sir Charles Bell came upon the discoveries which gave him the right of sharing with Majendie the great honor of putting science on the track of tracing the inward or centripetal tracts of nervous impulse in the animal body, and distinguishing them from the outward or centrifugal tracts. But the facts regarding centripetal nervous impulses which were acquired in Sir Charles' own day were too

meager to throw any convincing light on the problem of expression. Brilliant as was the pioneer work of this great physiologist in regard, for instance, to the centripetal nervous impulses from muscles, unless these impulses appeared to reach consciousness as sensations, Sir Charles saw no value in them, indeed he did not recognize them at all; no experiments had been performed in his time to show that centripetal impulses might make their way inward to nerve centers, and be of some value to the animal even if there was no possibility of them becoming sensations.

And even more than half a century later, when Professor W. James followed in the path of Sir Charles Bell, and endeavored to obtain from centripetal nervous phenomena some further light for the problem of expression, he also found no use, so far as concerned this problem, for centripetal nervous impulses unless they came to the front door of consciousness with cards of introduction as sensations.

But I think it can be now made clear that we lost most valuable light for the old puzzle of expression by this limited appreciation of centripetal nervous impulses. Unfortunately, however, with the exception of the special senses, the centripetal arrangements of the nervous system are not matters of everyday knowledge, and are rarely re-

ferred to outside of strictly physiological writings.

Therefore a few technical generalities are necessary at the outset, even at the risk of thinning my audience.

For instance, attention must be called to the fact that all of us, indeed all animals, possess a greater number of ingoing than of outgoing paths for the conveying of nervous impulses; that besides the special sense channels, our internal organs, our skin, and every limb, muscle, tendon and joint in the body is so richly furnished with nerves for conveying ingoing impulses that every movement we make, voluntarily or involuntarily, may contribute centripetal impulses to our nerve centers.

Now it is not only beyond question that these centripetal nerves exist, and are furnished with receiving organs (muscle spindles, organs of golgi, etc.) to pick up nervous impulses from movements of muscles, tendons and joints, but it is beyond question that they actually pick up and transmit these nervous impulses. It is proved that locomotion depends on the performance of these centripetal functions.

The mutual help arrangement that is maintained between antagonistic muscles by way of their centripetal nerves has been called reciprocal innervation.

It is, of course, out of the question to present in this article even a summary of the various illustrations and proofs advanced to show the reality of centripetal innervation. Numerous experiments have been performed specially for this purpose, other experiments illustrate it incidentally. Then there are cases of locomotor ataxia, and other nervous diseases, and even the various well-known phenomena of the long-continued innervation of limbs that have been placed in a certain position during catalepsy and hypnotism, which illustrate the point. But probably the experiments of Verworn and Baglioni, on strychnia convulsions

most strikingly show the depth to which the principle of centripetal innervation is rooted in animal life, and its utter independence of volition or consciousness. According to the very extensive experiments of these physiologists, strychnia convulsions are prolonged because the first twitch and each succeeding twitch causes centripetal nervous impulses to start from the moving muscles, tendons or joints, and pass inward to the center to initiate another twitch, which in its turn makes further ingoing impulses, and so on, until fatigue occurs.

Although attempts have been made to discount the very decisive results of these strychnia experiments, the general fact of centripetal innervation from both voluntary and involuntary movements can no longer be regarded as a controverted question; and the reader who is not satisfied with the above meager indications on the point, must be referred to the physiological text books, while we pass on to consider the light which the broad principle of centripetal innervation throws on the old problem of expression, and the immensely interesting questions it raises.

Now when we see that even in extending an arm or a leg animals cannot dispense with the nervous energy which passed inward from the flexing of the limb an instant before, we should be impelled to ask whether on occasion of urgency animals may not have some auxiliary means of obtaining an inward supply of nervous impulses. Besides the muscles, tendons, joints of the limb or limbs actually required in the action of the moment, do animals ever lay any other muscles under contribution? Is the principle of centripetal innervation of far wider scope than between flexor and extensor muscles? Is this principle so wide that muscles far distant from those employed in the action of the moment may be moved for the sake of the centripetal impulses thereby produced?

With this question in mind I watch

an athlete finishing a race which he is winning easily. Roughly speaking, I detect no sign of him moving or contracting any muscles except those required in the act of locomotion. I watch him again finishing a race breast to breast with his competitor. In the latter case it is easy to observe the movement or contraction of muscles not actually required for the act of locomotion. It may be only a grin on his lips, a tighter clenching of his jaws. But these familiar movements will suffice to point the question: Are they unconsciously made for the sake of centripetal nervous impulses which they supply indirectly to the locomotor centers in the moment of emergency?

I again watch an animal rushing upon its prey. The act of locomotion is accompanied by a grin and a growl. I watch the hunted prey preparing to defend itself or to escape. I detect outward signs of certain muscles being moved besides those required for locomotion, or for the blow of its claws, or the snap of its jaws in battle—that is to say, I see the fearful and angry prey raise its hair or feathers, I hear it crying out.

Now these and other movements, such as disturbances of the organ of circulation and respiration, and of the vasomotor system, are already familiar to us as the characteristic emotional expressions of lower animals and man. And the questions I propose to put and answer regarding them are the following:

Besides making the very muscles that bend a limb contribute nerve impulses to the center to help to extend it again, have animal organisms kept in touch with other available muscles to contribute nervous impulses to nerve centers? Have they for this purpose especially kept grip upon muscles that would interfere the least possible with the business of locomotion? Have they to some extent specialized these muscles, and parts attached to them, to become, some of them permanent,

and some of them auxiliary, means of centripetal nerve supply?

To find an answer to these questions, let us first of all take muscular movements that are constant throughout life, and may be permanent sources of supply of centripetal nervous impulses, namely, visceral movements. Besides making the muscles, etc., of locomotion contribute centripetal nervous impulses to nerve centers, do animal organisms also make the viscera play an important role in the supply of centripetal nervous impulses, in addition to their respiratory, circulative and nutritive functions? This suggestion has bearings of medical import. Throughout the immense literature of the physiology of the viscera, an attentive ear will detect a wondering and uncertain tone regarding many visceral (especially cardiac) movements. But we must hasten on to consider that behavior of the viscera which is the most constant mark of our own and all animal excitement. And the following questions may be put regarding this behavior:

Is there anything to guide us toward ascertaining whether the familiar disturbance during excitement of the normal movements of the viscera is a result of these organs, and the muscular, tendinous, or osseous walls enclosing them, being compelled to move especially in the interest of supplying centripetal nervous impulses to the nerve centers? Is this the explanation of the familiar tightening at the pharynx, gasps for breath, etc., etc., in all powerful emotion, joyous or painful?

In answer to these questions comes first of all the guidance of anatomical facts, namely, the immense riches of the machinery of centripetal nerves, leading from the viscera of all animals. And besides the viscera themselves, the entire moving apparatus of the thoracic and abdominal walls have their receiving arrangements for centripetal impulses, their muscle spindles, organs of Golgi, etc.

Then comes the guidance of the physiological and psychological facts; it being entirely beyond question

that nervous impulses make their way from the viscera to nerve centers. Besides the physiological evidences on this point, the evidence of human experience is very weighty. Here we have the bodily or somatic feelings that give the psychologist the main elements out of which he builds up the empirical ego. And in pointing out that the stream of nervous impulses from the viscera to the nerve centers only occasionally emerges into consciousness as sensations, no psychologist ever suggested that this stream does not start until the instant these sensations arise, or that it ceases the instant they sink from consciousness again. There is everything to indicate that the stream keeps flowing continuously while life lasts. And most important of all comes evidences available from observation of the excited visceral movements themselves. We must note how animals have organized some of these movements in connection with minor disturbances, as the visceral movements of yawning, and also the visceral part of the movement of stretching. And in human life the visceral movements of laughter.

Then advancing to greater occasions of disturbances or shock, until we reach cases of extreme emergency when the central functions of the nervous system are in immediate danger of failing, what do we see?

Here the conflict between the interests of circulation, respiration, etc., and those other interests which we are trying to trace out, as belonging to visceral movements, becomes more and more violent according as the danger of central nervous failure increases. And what is the lesson taught by the ultimate behavior of the muscles that normally work the viscera, and all the muscles and tendons, etc., of their enclosing walls?

The lesson is this. Whatever be the nature of the interest, apart from circulation, respiration, etc., which animals have in the movements of these muscles, this interest becomes the pre-

vailing one in extremity. It bears every stamp of being the primary interest of muscular movement. In the extreme stages of central nervous failure, the interests of circulation and respiration have to give way to it. It may now assert itself with an utterly blind and elemental fatalism over all other interests of visceral movement, as in the convulsions that in higher developed animals produce asphyxia. And in extreme stages of central nervous failure, as is well known, the locomotor muscles, tendons, etc., may join those controlling the viscera in making convulsive movements; then it is significant that among the few experiments which have been successful in dodging the enormous difficulties of testing the state of nerve centers while animals are in convulsions, those of Verworn and Baglioni show that nerve energy passes inward to nerve centers in consequence of these convulsive movements.

So much at present for the viscera as a permanent source of centripetal nerve energy, a source which is masked by other functions of the viscera in normal conditions, but which is to some extent unmasked during extreme excitement.

We may now pass on to note very briefly a permanent source of centripetal nerve energy which is not masked by the organs in question performing any other functions. I mean the source of centripetal nervous impulse in the semi-circular canals and their lower analogues. As every one acquainted with the subject will admit, if there is a general point which has been clearly established above all the mysteries surrounding the functions of the semicircular canals, it is that they contribute centripetal nervous impulses to nerve centers. But the centripetal functioning of the semicircular canals is not obviously affected by excitement, and therefore they are, of course, never placed among the means of expression of excitement.

Let us next approach what may be

called the auxiliary sources of supply of centripetal nervous impulses, namely, the movement of muscles which remain more or less quiescent in normal conditions, but which may come into action on occasion of shock or excitement. The most important of these are the muscles of the sound-producing apparatus of animals, both stridulatory and vocal, muscles already to some extent brought into action by excited visceral or other movement. Only in the case of sound-production it is not only the centripetal nerves of the moving muscles that conduct the nervous impulses inward. Here we have a centripetal channel of a very high order, namely, that of audition. And the way in which animals have taken advantage of this inward channel for the business of centripetal stimulation is witnessed by the development of music in both lower animals and man, and the development of language in man.

The second great auxiliary source of centripetal supply of nervous impulses in excitement is that of the pilomotor and facial muscles, and the muscles of the hands. And here, again, as in the case of sound-production, these movements are connected with centripetal channels of a higher order than those of muscle spindles or organs of Golgi, namely, the channels of the tactile sense which are so richly supplied to the face and hands.

In the case of these various auxiliary muscles and apparatus for the supply of centripetal stimuli, it may be noted that as the more highly developed receiving organs in the skin, and in the cochlea, are here available, the muscles of the face, and also of the larynx, are not so richly endowed with muscle spindles as other muscles, indeed some physiologists (Sherrington in England, Cipollone in Germany) have announced their failure to find any muscle spindles at all in many of the muscles of facial expression.

We may now venture a step closer to the most interesting aspects of the old riddle of expression, and note that

various needs and circumstances of life in different families and classes of animals have affected the use of development of the auxiliary arrangements for centripetal supply of nervous energy.

Let us take that distinction in habits of expression between carnivorous and plant-eating animals which has always proved the greatest of the many puzzles of lower animal expression. Who was ever satisfied that the difference between biting herbs and biting living prey accounted for the differences in the behavior of the muscles of the head and face in the carnivora and herbivora, to say nothing of the vocal differences in these animals?

But from our standpoint we must see that the constant dangers involved in the hunt for, and battle with, prey bring repeated and sudden calls for increased centripetal supplies of nervous impulses to the carnivora. Thus the machinery of supply starts to action at any moment on the slightest cause; it may be always more or less in motion in the waking hours of these animals. The constant movement of this machinery gives the carnivora their character. The grin and snarl of ferocity is always ready to supply a share of the centripetal impulses required for the actions of battle and slaughter, upon which the obtaining of food depends.

On the other hand, the animals that obtain their food from plants have no such sudden calls for auxiliary centripetal supplies of nervous impulses, hence their "meek" character; the machinery of centripetal nervous supply only getting into motion in the last extremity of danger.

Coming now to the immense uses man has made of what we have called, from our standpoint, the auxiliary sources of centripetal supply of nervous impulses, it may be noted that with lower animals it is, generally speaking, only when shock overtakes them, or special life-saving efforts are required, that the auxiliary sources of centripetal supply, in vocal, pilomotor,

and facial, muscles are called upon. But in the case of man we have to face a great structure of habits that has been built up upon these auxiliary sources. For example, the habits of human emotion, will, language, memory, and thought. A man's use of voice, gesture, and facial expression is as constant as his use of these habits. Passing over, as, of course, is inevitable as far as this article is concerned, the profoundly interesting question of the manner in which man made the auxiliary sources of the centripetal supply of nervous impulses lead him on gradually to the development of human emotion, will, language, memory, and thought, we may take these habits in their fully developed state, and still compel them to reveal at least a glimpse of the secret of their origin.

You are, let us suppose, an orator making a speech. Never mind for the moment the deeper grounds of the processes of thought and memory and language within you; but note that your ear, the centripetal nerves (organs of touch) of your face, and hands, are all, so to speak, subscription plates held out for contributions toward the central fund of nervous energy. And contributions are picked up from every contraction of your brow, every pursing or compression of your lips, every wave of your arm, every clenching of your hands, no less than from the sounds of your words. It is, however, no more necessary that these tiny streamlets of centripetal nerve energy should appear in consciousness than it would be necessary that the athlete should be aware each time he bends a limb of the centripetal nervous impulses which passed inward from the movement, and helped to extend it again.

Or take a case where the significant uses of the gestures made are less intentional than those of the orator, namely, in the case of any suddenly conveyed incitement to amazement, admiration, or even abhorrence.

It need no longer puzzle us that these gestures might be made as strenuously

in the dark and in perfect solitude as when in the light of day and in the presence of others. The centripetal nerves of the raised arms and hands, and the delicate receiving organs of the facial nerves, pick up nervous impulses from these movements and transmit them inward to nerve centers that had just suffered a slight shock from the object of amazement, admiration, or abhorrence.

It must be admitted, of course, that every possible movement of voice, lips, eyes and hands has become significant. And the value of these movements to convey meaning may entirely mask their primary centripetal values. But the mask can be torn away by many very simple experiments. If you are what is called a "sensitive" or "nervous" person, an uncontrollable impulse often comes to your hands, fingers, lips, brows, eyes, to make some "nervous" movement—a movement of some of the machinery of expression. You are most keenly aware of the impulse, and precisely because of the communicative aspects of the threatened gesture, because it will betray your emotion, you try and, may be, succeed in suppressing it. But if you carefully note what has really happened, you will find that instead of entirely suppressing the movement your act of will merely transferred it from one part of the machinery of expression to the other—probably to a part whose movements are less visible. You may suppress a contraction of the brow, to find that at the same moment you have, however, slightly accented the closure of the lips or jaws—and vice versa. You may unclench your teeth, to find that, at the same instant, you clenched your hands. You may again unclench both fingers and teeth, and find that some part of the viscera, or their walls, at the same instant, backed your act of will with a barely perceptible spasm, and so on.

In short, the entire machinery of human expression in voice, face and hands, with its infinite varieties and complexities of movement, appear

primarily as the sources of supply of centripetal nervous impulses, not only for emotion, but also for the actions of will, memory and thought. The streams of nervous impulse from this machinery, however, rarely impinge upon consciousness, and therefore these streams are easily masked by the great communicative values of the movements that produce them.



SPANISH SERENADER'S SONG.

(From *Don Quixote*.)

By FRANK H. RICHMOND.

Love's mariner am I,
And in its waters deep,
Hopeless of making my port,
Sail havenless for aye.

Following a star I go,
That from afar I spy,
More bright than all that gleams,
That Palinurus saw.

And so bewitched I steer,
Where guided knowing not,
My watchful gaze upon the star
With heedless soul intent.

* * *

O clear and shining star,
O light that leads me on,
The bearing deathward points
That from me hides thy face.

Some Thackeray Prototypes.

By LEWIS MELVILLE.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

HE who would trace the prototypes of Thackeray's characters is met at the outset with the novelist's declaration that he never copied any one. There can be no doubt, however, that, like all writers of fiction, he derived, more or less consciously, from his acquaintances many suggestions. "Mr. Thackeray was only gently skilful and assimilative and combinative in his characters," said the late George Augustus Sala. "They passed through the alembic of his study and observation. The Marquis of Steyne is a sublimation of half-a-dozen characters. So is Captain Shandon; so are Costigan and the Mulligan. And the finest of Mr. Thackeray's characters—Becky, Dobbin, Jos Sedley and Colonel Newcome—are wholly original, from the celebrity point of view at least." The accuracy of these statements will now be examined.

It is commonly supposed that the imitable Becky had an original, though her name is known to few. Mrs. Ritchie saw her once. She drove to Young street to see Thackeray, a most charming, dazzling little lady, dressed in black, who greeted the novelist with great affection and brilliancy, and on her departure presented him with a bunch of violets. Thackeray always parried with a laugh all questions concerning this prototype. However, a lady who knew him intimately was not so reticent. She said the character of Becky was an invention, but it had

been suggested to him by a governess who lived in the neighborhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very rich and very selfish old woman.

The governess, strange to say, followed in the footsteps of Becky. Some years after the publication of "Vanity Fair" she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a while made a sensation in society circles, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. This living handsomely on nothing a year resulted in the usual way; and in the end the ex-governess fled the country, and was to be seen on the Continent flitting from gambling place to gambling place.

Charles Kingsley used to tell a good story of a lady who confided to Thackeray that she liked "Vanity Fair" exceedingly. "The characters are so natural," she said, "all but the baronet, Sir Pitt Crawley, and surely he is over-drawn; it is impossible to find such coarseness in his rank of life." "That character," the author smilingly replied, "is almost the only exact portrait in the book." The identity of the prototype was not revealed for many years; but it has recently been asserted that the character was sketched from a former Lord Rolle. "Sir Pitt's letters to Becky were very badly spelled and written," remarks the gentleman who puts forward this theory, "and I may say that I have in my possession a letter written by Sir Robert Brownrigg to

His Royal Highness the Duke of York when Commander-in-Chief of the British army, complaining that a report received from Lord Rolle, as Lord-Lieutenant of his county, was so badly written that he could not decipher it."

"You know you are only a piece of Amelia," Thackeray wrote to Mrs. Brookfield. "My Mother is another half; my poor little Wife—y est pour beaucoup." Mrs. Brookfield was a daughter of Sir Charles Elton, who lived at Clevedon Court, Somerset—which house figures in "Esmond" as Castlewood. Her husband, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, was one of Thackeray's intimates, and their friendship dated back to their university days. Thackeray paid tribute to Brookfield's fine qualities by drawing him as Frank Whitestock in "The Curate's Walk"; and when asked toward the end of his life which of his friends he loved the best, replied, "Why, dear old Fitz, of course; and Brookfield." Fitz was Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of "Omar." Another old college chum, John (afterward Archdeacon) Allen, was presented as Dobbin, who at the outset obviously was to be the butt of the story; but in the end the character, mastering its creator, developed into the fine, noble gentleman we know.

Although all are agreed that the original of the Marquis of Steyne was a Marquis of Hertford, the question is, which Lord Hertford is entitled to the invidious distinction? The first marquis lived too early, and for many reasons the fourth may be put out of court. Mr. George Somes Layard plumps for the third marquis; Mr. G. M. Ellis is all for the second, and writes as follows to the present writer: "May I give my reasons for thinking Thackeray had Francis, second Marquis of Hertford, in his mind when writing his description of Lord Steyne and Gaunt House? The third marquis was the son of the second, and both were intimate friends of George IV., who in point of age came just between the two: second marquis born 1743;

George IV. born 1762; third marquis born 1777. Now, the second marquis did not die until 1822, which would cover the 'Vanity Fair' period.

"Again, if chronology may be relied upon, there is much evidence in the book itself that points to the second marquis being Steyne. For instance, in the chapter entitled 'Gaunt House,' where the 'fast' history of the house is given, Thackeray says: 'The Prince and Perdita have been in and out of that door,' etc. Now the Prince of Wales finally separated from Mrs. Robinson in 1783, when the future third marquis was only six years old. In the same paragraph Thackeray mentions Egalite, Duke of Orleans, as a friend of Steyne's. Egalite was executed in 1793; and then, so far as dates are concerned, the Gaunt House period is in the twenties, when the third marquis would have been forty years old or so, whereas Lord Steyne is described as an old man and a grandfather. Of course, these dates may prove nothing in view of an author's license to transpose and alter such things to suit his purpose.

"My strongest point is that the second marquis was a notorious roue, whereas his son, the third marquis, was nothing out of the way in this attribute—for a Regency buck. But his ancient father was a byword even at this period. He was called 'The Hoary Old Sinner,' and is constantly mentioned in 'The Examiner,' 'The Courier,' and the other papers which supported the cause of Queen Caroline against the king and his friends. One of the most notorious acts with which the second Lord Hertford excited society was the seduction of Mrs. Massey. This is alluded to by Thomas Moore in his satirical series of poems 'The Two-penny Post-Bag,' where he also calls the marquis 'the hoary old sinner.' Of course, Lord Hertford's wife was the mistress of George IV., and her husband and son were very complaisant over the matter. There is one other point: Thackeray says Lord Steyne was 'Lord of the Powder Closet'; the

second Marquis of Hertford was Lord Chamberlain of the king's household, but his son was not."

Mr. Layard's opinion, however, is stated very plainly: "No one who has taken the trouble to investigate the lives of the three marquises can hesitate for a moment in identifying the 'Marquis of Steyne' with the third Marquis of Hertford." And he dwells on the resemblance between Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the third marquis and the "suppressed" woodcut of Lord Steyne contained in the first issue of "Vanity Fair."

Both he and Mr. Charles Whibley, the well-known critic and the author of a recent interesting monograph on Thackeray, assume that Lord Steyne of "Vanity Fair" and Lord Monmouth of "Coningsby" are drawn from the same peer. But is not this assumption too readily made? It is generally accepted that Lord Monmouth is the third Marquis of Hertford.

Yet, though there are so many differences between Lord Monmouth and Lord Steyne, the critics are content to state that these differences arise naturally from the diverse treatment of the two authors. For instance, Mr. Whibley remarks that Thackeray gives us a brute, Disraeli a man. Yet this, to a certain extent, is explained if Thackeray drew from the second and Disraeli from the third marquis. But surely there is a still simpler explanation. Disraeli presented in "Coningsby" a roman-a-clef, a political study of a period, and naturally he was at pains to give an accurate portrait of his model. With Thackeray the case was very different. He was writing a work of fiction and nothing more. He had heard stories of the Marquises of Hertford, and when he created a profligate peer, what more likely than that he should tack these stories on to his creation? Or, being in possession of these stories, he drew a purely fancy portrait of Lord Hertford, since there was no reason why he should trouble to study the character of the nobleman

in question. With these suggestions we may take leave of "the richly-dressed figure of the Wicked Nobleman, on which no expense has been spared, and which Old Nick will fetch away at the end."

There seems no doubt, however, that the Marquis of Steyne's managing man, Wenham, was drawn from the managing man of the third Marquis of Hertford, John Wilson Croker, who, of course, stood for Rigby in "Coningsby." Now Rigby is Croker to the life, as seen by the prejudiced. In some such fashion would Macaulay have depicted him. Unfair as is the portraiture, this is not the place to rehabilitate the much-abused, well-hated politician. Wenham, however, could have been no more flattering to the original, for he is depicted as a mean, despicable creature. Thackeray had coals of fire poured upon him a little later when he was proposed at the Athenaeum Club as a candidate to be elected without ballot as a person of distinguished eminence in literature, for then Croker supported him. It must have been strange, indeed, as Milman remarked, to see Macaulay and Croker row together in the same boat.

A good story is told of Croker and the author of "Vanity Fair." When Croker was dead a mutual friend told Thackeray how Croker had begged his wife to seek out some homeless boys to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. "They will destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands, but we can help them more than they can hurt us." Thackeray choked, and went to see Mrs. Croker, and assured her he would never speak or think ill of her husband again.

"The History of Pendennis," so the story goes, was based upon a true anecdote of Brighton life, told to Thackeray by the Misses Smith (daughters of Horace, part-author of "Rejected Addresses") when he told them he had to produce the first number of a novel in a few days, and had no idea how to start one. In gratitude he christened

his heroine Laura, after a younger sister, Mrs. Round. When "Pendennis" was finished the original Laura was very angry, or at least pretended to be very angry. "I'll never speak to you again, Mr. Thackeray," she declared. "You know I meant to marry Bluebeard"—Lady Rockminster's name for George Warrington.

Young Pendennis was a great favorite with the author, which is not unnatural when it is remembered that the character was in great part drawn from himself. "Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs. Pendennis and her son, Arthur Pendennis," Thackeray wrote from Brighton to the Brookfields, "I got up very early again this morning, and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder if he is interesting to me from selfish reasons, and because I fancy we resemble each other in many parts."

Pendennis followed closely in the footsteps of his creator. Both went to the Grey Friars School—the Charterhouse of reality—where Doctor Swish-tail was as severe upon the eponymous hero as Doctor Russell upon the novelist when a lad. Pendennis lived for a while at Ottery St. Mary, in a house—Fairoaks—that corresponds to Larkbeare, the residence of Thackeray's mother and stepfather. Pendennis sent poems to "The County Chronicle and Chatteris Champion," Thackeray to "The Western Luminary." Pendennis made friends with the vicar, Doctor Portman, who is no doubt drawn from Thackeray's friend, the Rev. Dr. Cornish. Pendennis went to the Chatteris Theatre, as we may be sure Thackeray visited the Exeter Theatre. The latter was always a lover of the theatre. It is recorded that he asked a friend if he loved "the play," and was answered, "Ye-es, I like a good play;" whereupon he retorted, "Oh, get out! I said the play. You don't even understand what I mean."

It is not known that Thackeray fell in love with an actress in the Exeter Theatre stock company, but so autobiographical, apparently, is this part of the novel that Mr. Herman Merivale is inclined to think the fiction is based upon fact. Miss Emily Costigan, better known under her theatrical name of Fotheringay, was freely adapted from Miss O'Neill, who became Lady Becher. We have it on Thackeray's authority that her father, Captain "Jack" Costigan, was a fancy portrait. Pendennis went later to St. Boniface's College, Oxbridge (as Thackeray had been to Trinity College, Cambridge), where he was a more notorious character than his prototype. Crump of Boniface was Whewell, Master of Trinity. Subsequently Pendennis came to town to study law, which, however, he soon abandoned for journalism, as Thackeray had done before him. Like Thackeray, too, he lived in the Temple, and shared chambers with George Warrington, as Thackeray had lived with Tom Taylor or another.

"You will find much to remind you of old talk and faces—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Arcedeckne," Thackeray wrote to George Moreland Crawford, who had nursed him through the illness that nearly brought "Pendennis" to a premature conclusion. "There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all round, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a confirmed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the Deanery and the Garrick, and Warrington is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony! There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin."

Mrs. Ritchie thinks there is something of her father in Warrington, and

perhaps a likeness to Edward Fitzgerald; and it has been said that the character was based partly on George Stovin Venables, whose name figures in Thackeray's personal history as the smasher of the latter's nose in a fight at the Charterhouse.

Opinions are divided as to whether Jack Sheehan or Maginn sat for Captain Shandon. But Maginn, an old friend of the author, was a greater than Shandon. He may have dictated the prospectus of some "Pall Mall Gazette" from the Fleet Prison; he may have written—indeed, he did write—articles that were models of virulent abuse; but he was a parodist of no mean merit, and his Shakespearean essays and his Latin versions of "Chevy Chase" and other ballads extorted praise even from his enemies. The noblemen on the staff of the paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen" were Lords William and Henry Lennox and a brother of the Duke of St. Albans, of whom Sheehan said, "His name Beauclerc is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog and never clear about anything."

Foker differs from Thackeray's other characters, for there can be little doubt it was an accurate portrait of Andrew Arcdeckne of the Garrick Club. It was probably this which was the cause of Thackeray's being blackballed at the Traveller's Club, where the ballot is by members and not by the committee, on the grounds that the members feared they might appear in some later novel. It is said that Arcdeckne was small in stature and eccentric in his mode of dressing, drove stage coaches as an amateur, loved fighting cocks and the prize ring, and had a large estate in Norfolk. The Hon. Henry Coke says he was so like a seal that he was called "Phoca" by his intimates. It was Arcdeckne who criticised Thackeray's first lecture on "The Four Georges." "Bravo, Thack, my boy! Uncommon good show! But it'll never go without a pianner!" There was, however, no enmity between them.

Thackeray declared his model to be "not half a bad fellow;" and Arcdeckne remarked, "Awfully good chap old Thack was. Lor' bless you, he didn't mind me a bit. But I did take it out of him now and again. Never gave him time for repartie."

Pendennis naturally went to Thackeray's haunts. "The Cave of Harmony" and "The Back Stairs," better known as Evans's Coffee house and "The Cider Cellars," and at the latter heard Mr. Nadab the improvisatore, who in life was known as Charles Slemmon. He was intimate with Thackeray's friends and acquaintances, and in his illness was attended by Thackeray's doctor, Elliotson—to whom "Pendennis" is dedicated—who figures in the story as Doctor Goodenough, the friend of Major Pendennis. Major Pendennis's noble friend, Lord Colchicum, was sketched from the very naughty Lord Lonsdale of the day; and there was, says Thackeray, writing to American intimates, "a friend of mine who is coming out to New York, and to whom I shall give a letter—a queer fellow, the original of the Chevalier Strong."

Many of the journalists and men of letters in the book had their prototypes. Bungay is a caricature of Colburn, the publisher, and the proprietor of "The New Monthly Magazine," to which at one time Thackeray was a contributor. Colburn is eminent among the publishers who have missed opportunities, for he declined to commission Thackeray to finish a novel of which he was shown the earlier chapters, and which is known to us as "Vanity Fair." It is said that the late W. H. Wills, the business manager of "Household Words," suggested to Thackeray the publisher's reader who, "from having broken out in the world as a poet of a tragic and suicidal cast, had now subsided into one of Mr. Bungay's back shops, as reader for that gentleman."

A visitor at one of Bungay's dinner-parties, Captain Sumph, with his silly stories of Byron, was sketched from

Captain Medwin, the author of a volume of dull "Conversations with Byron." Mr. Wagg, a henchman of Lord Steyne, was drawn from Theodore Hook, the author of some now almost forgotten novels, and, more particularly, of the Ramsbottom Letters in the "John Bull" newspaper. Those letters were parodied by Thackeray in "The Snob" and "The Gownsmen," weekly periodicals written and published by Cambridge undergraduates in 1829 and 1830. Thackeray actually had the audacity to put into Wagg's mouth one of Hook's own jokes. Wagg is made to ask Mrs. Bungay, "Does your cook say he's a Frenchman?" and to reply, when that lady expresses her ignorance, "Because if he does, he's a-quizzin' yer" (cuisiner).

Mr. Charles Whibley informs us that "Archer, the quidnunc," whose advice is always wanted at the palace, and whose taste for cold beef the Duke himself consults, is none other than Tom Hill of "The Monthly Mirror," whom Theodore Hook painted as Hull in "Gilbert Gurney."

Of all the women in "Pendennis," only one has been traced to an original. Like Becky, Blanche Amory, if, strictly speaking, she had not a prototype, at least was suggested by an acquaintance. "At the train, whom do you think I found? Miss G——, who says she is Blanche Amory, and I think she is Blanche Amory; amiable at times, amusing, clever and depraved," Thackeray wrote to the Brookfields. "We talked and persiflaled all the way to London, and the idea of her will help me to a good chapter, in which I will make Pendennis and Blanche play at being in love, such a wicked, false, humbugging, London love as two blouse London people might act, and half-deceive themselves that they were in earnest. That will complete the cycle of Mr. Pen's worldly experiences, and then we will make, or try to make, a good man of him."

The resemblance of Blanche Amory

to Miss G—— was distinct enough for Mrs. Carlyle to notice. "Not that poor little — is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented," she remarked. "But the looks, the manners, the wiles, the larmes and all that sort of thing are perfect." This was almost magnanimous of Mrs. Carlyle, for both she and her husband disliked the girl. "Oh, my dear!" Mr. Carlyle exclaimed when she went away, "we cannot be sufficiently thankful!" Not that Carlyle's objection counts for much, for he was a gey ill person to get along with.

In Thackeray's remaining books—other than the historical works, of which the discussion in this article is forbidden by considerations of space—it is not so easy to trace originals. Abraham Hayward, whose elderly effigy was cartooned in "Vanity Fair," was also introduced into "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" as Mr. Flam, and, Mr. Locker-Lampson has recorded, like that exquisite he had curling locks, a neat little foot, a lip vermilion and an abra'm nose. There was a prototype for Dorothea, and probably for other heroines of Mr. George Savage Fitz Boodle's amorous adventures. Captain Granby Calcroft lives as Captain Granby Tiptoff; and Mr. J. M. Evans, one of the proprietors of "Punch," was portrayed in "The Kickleburys on the Rhine."

Miss Baxter claims that her sister Lucy (to whom, on her seventeenth birthday, the novelist sent the verses, "Seventeen rosebuds in a ring") suggested at least some aspects of Ethel Newcome, the sweet and wayward—"my sister at that time going much into (American) society—she was not yet twenty, and had both wit and beauty. In his picture of Ethel Newcome, as she holds a little court about her at one of the great London balls, Thackeray reproduces some impressions made by the New York girl. Some of Ethel's impatience for the disillusionments of society, its spiteful com-

ment and harsh criticism, might well be reflections from discussions with my sister in the Brown House library, where Mr. Thackeray passed many an hour talking of matters grave and gay."

Finally comes Colonel Newcome, who, like Jos Sedley and James Binnie, was the outcome of the author's Anglo-Indian connections; like them he stepped out of the Oriental Club in Hanover Square. After visiting that institution when "The Newcomes" was appearing, a friend said to Thackeray, "I see where you got your Colonel." "To be sure you would," said the writer; "only I had to angelicise the old boys a little." It has been asserted by those who were acquainted with Thackeray's family circle that the character was taken from one or more of his relatives—from Major Carmichael Smyth, of the Bengal Engineers; or General Charles Carmichael, of the Second European Bengal Light Cavalry (Twentieth Hussars); or Colonel John Dowdeswell Shakespear. It matters little from which of these the preux chevalier was drawn.

Thackeray was at his old school, the

Charterhouse, on Founder's Day, 1854, when the idea struck him to make the Colonel a "Codd" (a colloquial term for a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse). He invited a boy with whom he was acquainted to introduce him to Captain Light, an old army man whom reduced circumstances had compelled to seek the shelter of Thomas Sutton's Hospital. Many times he went to see the veteran, who gleefully told all and sundry, "I'm sitting for Colonel Newcome."

As readers of the book can never forget, the Colonel spent the last months of his life as a "Codd," and it was in that quiet retreat he drew his last breath. "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."



La Chaise-Dieu.

By VIOLET R. MARKHAM.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

VICHY, at 7 o'clock on a bright summer morning, when the little town is opening half-sleepy eyes upon the world, is, perhaps, more attractive than at any other moment of the day. It is the unfortunate specialty of the majority of villes d'eaux to appear as structural banalities in the midst of beautiful scenery. For the most part mineral waters are to be found in the neighborhood of a mountainous country, and suffering humanity in search of them creates much the same type of town all over Europe to minister to the needs of bathers and drinkers.

Vichy is no exception to this rule. It contains a vast number of hotels and boarding houses, ranging from the stereotyped caravanserais of the rich to pensions adapted to the pockets of the poor. There is the inevitable Promenade, round which are grouped the equally inevitable *Establishment de Bains*, Casino, Club, Theatre, Concert Room.

The old town—for a town has existed here for centuries—has been elbowed practically out of existence by modern buildings and improvements, though Madame de Sévigné's pavilion yet survives, whence that distinguished lady discoursed to Madame de Grignan on the virtue of the Vichy waters and the horrors of the douche. The prim and pretty park along the borders of the Allier is thoroughly characteristic of

the place; a decorous, well-ordered garden, where Nature is kept up to a sense of her responsibilities and not allowed to run riot.

But this morning we are to escape from daily dallings in the park and the claims of Hopital or Grande Grille. The distant hills of Auvergne, which we have watched so often with envious eyes from the banks of the river, are our affair to-day. No longer are they to be dream hills guarding unexplored beauties in the south. They have beckoned long enough; now we answer to the call, and are to journey through them, unromantically it may be, but withal adequately in the car which annihilates distance.

The haze of the early morning still lies low over the valley as we glide rapidly through the waking streets. The country people are already astir, Sunday morning though it be. In this land of France, for all its fairness, the pressure of life seems to rest with heavy hand on the peasant, and the Sabbath to him brings but an inadequate measure of relaxation.

But save for the country folks we have the road very much to ourselves for the 150 kilometres which separate us from our goal, La Chaise-Dieu—the Throne of God—an ancient Benedictine church and monastery, far removed from the tourist track among the hills of the Auvergne. It is a magnificent road, too, all the way; one worthy of

the race on whom the mantle of the old Roman pathmakers has assuredly descended. The Anglo-Saxon, whether of the Old World or the New, when journeying by motor abroad, soon realizes how much he has to learn from the Latin in the building of walls and roads. Police traps and minions of the law with stop watches have no existence here, and there is a sense of keen exhilaration as one rushes smoothly and rapidly through the morning air along the perfectly constructed highway.

Vichy is left behind, in a flash, and once we have gained the open country, among the vineyards, our car settles down into her stride, making but small account of the milestones she devours minute after minute in her progress south. For a time we follow the valley of the Allier where the river flows below among its pebble beds, in winter a raging torrent, now an insignificant stream. To the right the forest of Randan stretches north and south along the horizon line, concealing the Comtesse de Paris chateau; to the left we catch a brief glimpse of the castle of Bourbon Busset. A soft mist still hangs over the distant mountains, and it is only by straining the eyes that the great sentinel of the Puy-de-Dome can be perceived dimly in the far west, rising, at it were, above the woods of Randan.

For many miles the road runs between an avenue of poplars, those strange, much-opped trees immortalized by Hobbema, which impress the English visitor so curiously. The agricultural prosperity of protected countries is a theme frequently enlarged upon with much eloquence by the Tariff Reformer. It may be permitted to suggest that if such abounding prosperity exists it hides itself with great skill from the gaze of the casual traveler.

Even to-day one is too often reminded of Arthur Young's exclamation

over one hundred years since, "the poor people seem poor indeed." This district is considered a well-to-do part of agricultural France, but the general impression left by it is one of poverty; poverty, too, in the teeth of untiring industry and commendable self-respect. If La Bruyère's famous and appalling description of the French peasant mercifully applies no longer, there remains nevertheless much room for improvement as regards the standard of comfort and living.

Through the Auvergne the scrupulous neatness of the women and children contrasts painfully with the wretched appearance of their homes. Tawdry clothes, cheap feathers and pearl necklaces have no existence here. But the evidences of thrift emphasize the signs of a livelihood wrung with toil and difficulty from its surroundings. Everything is made to contribute; nothing is wasted, nothing is overlooked. The smallest boughs of the most insignificant tree are carefully cut and stored for fuel. Hence the curiously truncated appearance of the timber at which one at first exclaims.

After a time, however, one learns to feel a curious affection for these foreign trees so shorn of their boughs and their beauty. It is as though they, too, had been called upon to share in the toil and labors of sorrowing humanity, to enter in some intimate manner into the cramped lot of those who dwell beneath their shadow. They become, as it were, humanized and invested with a strange touch of pathos unknown to the proud monarchs of an English glade.

Life, however, is full of compensations, and the light-hearted Gaul maybe extracts more happiness from his poorer surroundings than the morose Saxon from his better circumstances. Along the road, as we pass by, we see many a little auberge at which Pierre and Paul sat laughing and talking over

their sour bread and sourer wine. A fine upstanding race of men and women they seem too, these natives of Auvergne, with no signs of physical degeneration about themselves or their sturdy children. All over France the standard of physique would appear to be rising. Good friends of the Entente will welcome the fact with gladness.

We leave Thiers to the left, hanging far above us on the mountain side, and now the character of the country has changed. The alluvial plains and "petite culture" of the Vichy district have given place to a mountainous country of heather and bracken and forest trees. Brown streams flow through the valleys with cool limpid pools in which many a trout must lurk. This part of the journey, in fact, recalls the dales of Cumberland or Derbyshire rather than a foreign land. The illusion of the home country is only broken now and again when we meet a cart drawn by the beautiful white oxen of this province, patient, meek creatures, for all their strength. Does any recollection haunt those melancholy brown eyes of dim, forgotten days in distant Egypt when such as they were worshipped as divinities, not bound to the sorry yoke of man's toil and labor?

Up and down we climb, but always more up than down, and as the car sweeps along, and the hills open and close, it is a panorama of ever-changing but ever-increasing beauty that we behold unfolded. As the hours slip by we begin to grow conscious that Central France is yielding place to Southern France. The character of the whitewashed houses, with their high-pitched roofs, clinging together in little villages on the hillside, already recalls the shores of the Mediterranean and Northern Italy. The greater wildness and aridity of the soil, the pine-woods which are replacing the chestnuts and

walnuts of the lower valleys, bespeak a hilly country and a hot sun.

On and on we glide, first through Ambert, a sleepy old town which seems to have shrunk round a church too big now for its needs, then through Arlanc, still smaller and yet more sleepy, while the hills, which at Vichy appeared to bar our progress south, now have swept round and enfold us in their cup. But these Auvergne mountains have the friendly aspect of the Apennine, not the crushing visage of the Alp. They do not approach too near; they do not overwhelm the traveler with their height, as though grudging a view of the beauties of the land beyond. On the contrary, they lead him ever onward by visions of far-stretching distance and vale and hill.

At last we come to the foot of the great slope up which our car must climb over 3,000 feet to *La Chaise-Dieu*, and in truth the glory of the view as we mount is one which may well have tempted pious men of old to forget the pregnant warning "neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem," and to believe in all faith that here God's habitation might be fixed throughout the ages. Through a forest of grand pine trees, with wide-spreading boughs, dense and mysterious like the aisles of some Gothic cathedral, the road winds ever upward to the forgotten town and monastery above.

Has this same forest stood here perchance for centuries, and did the long-dead builder from Provence, who raised the lofty columns of the neighboring church, find inspiration among predecessors of the pines of to-day? These latter stand with boles strong and fair as though prepared to carry the very arch of heaven above them. On any weekday the axe of the woodman must ring through the forest, for long lines of fallen giants piled by the roadside show that industry is busy here with its desecrating though inevitable hand.

But to-day absolute silence reigns among the woods, broken only by the aggressive snorting of our car, which appears to hurl the message of "the old order changeth" as it passes through this unfrequented land. We do not see a head of game throughout the day's journey. No brown-eyed rabbit sits, as assuredly he would sit at home, among the fir cones, to scamper away at our approach. The very birds are silent, if birds indeed exist. Over-head, though, the sky is blue, and the pleasant aromatic scent of the pine woods fills the air, causing us to draw deep breaths of satisfaction as we rush along through the Sabbath quiet.

At last the solid grey pile of the monastery appears over the brow of the hill, and in a few more minutes we have reached our journey's end; the end at least for two of us, though fresh beauties in the seldom-explored valley of the Tarn await our more lucky companions.

Like a pinnacle on the roof of France stands La Chaise-Dieu, dominating a view which can challenge comparison with prospects far more famous. To be hypercritical, from the eastern ridge of the hill up which we have climbed perhaps an even finer expanse of vale and mountain may be seen than from the western slope on which the town is situated. One might wish the original founder had elected that his monastery should face the rising rather than the setting sun.

In whichever direction one turns, however, the view is of surprising beauty. The church and monastery crown the summit of the hill, the grey old town sliding half wearily below them into the valley beneath. Bounding the horizon still rise the Puy-de-Dome hills. The swift motor has whirled us from department to department at a speed undreamed of by those whose wanderings in this country are circumscribed by the dolce far niente progress of the omnibus train. But, in our rapid journey south, the range to

the right has borne us company all the way as the Auvergne hills to the left. Now, as though torn from the flank of both, rises the great spur of rock which an age of simpler faith thought worthy to bear the name of the Creator's Throne.

Even under the sunshine of an August noon, La Chaise-Dieu has a stern as well as a desolate aspect. What must it be at this altitude when the winter winds sweep round the mountains or the snow-wreath descends over the cowering houses of the little town? Remote and inaccessible even at the commencement of the twentieth century, for nearly a thousand years a monastery has stood here. For centuries generations of men have worshipped in this place; worshipped well or ill, with lofty enthusiasm or degraded fanaticism, but worshipped nevertheless with a certain spiritual continuity before which our restless modernity halts in silent surprise.

Vague, ill-defined emotions cling to any old building which has given expression to the religious aspirations of mankind. The shrine, the temple, the cathedral, mean more to the world than architectural relics of a past age. For religion has been bound up with crucial moments in the lives of generations after generations of men long dead and gone, and to feel no touch of kinship with the human record of the stones is to proclaim the lack of tears for things which touch the hearts of mortal men.

A brief walk down the straggling main street brings us to the entrance of the cloisters. Church and monastery built for purposes of defense as well as of worship, the exterior of the granite pile with two short towers uncrowned by spires is eloquent of medieval grimness. The whole appearance of the west front, with its well-worn flight of forty steps leading up to the principal entrance, is stern and uncompromising. Here we have Gothic in unadorned strength, not the Gothic which veils its strength in beauty. No angels or saints

smile at us from the stonework, no cunningly wrought foliage softens the harshness of the facade. The fine west porch has been mutilated terribly—we learn, subsequently, during the wars of religion—and one can only guess at the appearance it formerly presented. We hurry through the neglected galleries which once connected all the numerous buildings of this Benedictine stronghold.

Pushing open a heavy door to the left, we find ourselves unexpectedly standing in the choir of the abbey itself. For a moment one is arrested by the size and vastness of this building, devoid of triforium or clerestory. The eye follows the great columns rising high into the air, there to spread out fanwise to support the roof. The beautiful apse at the east end formed by six lancet windows, the stone screen with carved Gothic arches dividing the church in two, the richly decorated choir stalls surmounted by priceless Flemish tapestries, it is alas! not by these things that the attention is riveted finally.

It is the all-pervading atmosphere of neglect and desolation which is the last and abiding impression left by *La Chaise-Dieu*. It seems incredible, monstrous, so fine a church could have been allowed to fall into this cruel condition of decay. "Quomodo sedet sola civitas!" "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How has she become a widow that was great among nations . . . all her gates are desolate, her priests sigh, and she is in bitterness."

Involuntarily the cry wrung from the Hebrew prophet centuries ago rises to the mind as one stands in this fair but most neglected fane, and the bitter irony of its name strikes home.

The great founder of the church lies near at hand. Well for him, perhaps, he cannot realize the indifference stamped to-day on every line of the building dear to him. No obscure abbot or pious layman laid the foundations of *La Chaise-Dieu*. Designed and com-

menced by one pope, finished by another, whatever evil days it may have fallen on in these latter times, the great church sprang originally from the ecclesiastical purple. One halts almost in astonishment before the recumbent effigy on a tomb which stands in the center of the choir.

It is hard to realize that any occupant of St. Peter's throne, before whose word once the faithful trembled, should find a last resting place in this Auvergne eyrie. But the triple tiara shows that one of the popes lies within the church of *La Chaise-Dieu*, and the black marble tomb, stripped of every effigy with which it was once decorated, in very truth holds the dust of Clement VI. The desecrated tomb of a desecrated church, in such sad guise does Pope Clement keep watch and ward over the work of his foundation till the riddles of time find their solution in eternity.

Yet another incident brought home to us forcibly the changed conditions of the present day. In the choir, where once the long procession of Benedictine monks prayed and worshipped, we found a smiling rosy-cheeked nun with a few little girls gathered round a harmonium. Our unexpected entry from the cloister caused the party to pause, in evident hesitation and surprise. But, as we moved quietly down the church, the nun rallied her little flock, and the dilapidated harmonium emitting fitful chords, the children's voices were raised in some little song of praise or prayer. Two or three old women presently joined the party and knelt by the side of the children.

Alien we lookers-on might be, in race and in faith, but who could fail to be touched by the significance of the sight—this little knot of worshippers, hard by the tomb of the pope, struggling to keep alive the torch of what they held to be the truth? A pathetic group indeed, but nevertheless the one human, the one redeeming sight which met our eyes that afternoon. Poor, humble and feeble they might be, but at least they

stood for what is left of faith, hope and charity in La Chaise-Dieu.

Of the monastery founded by St. Robert d'Aurillac in the eleventh century, only three priests out of the original three hundred remain to-day who minister to the attenuated congregation. The church itself dates from the fourteenth century, but appears—especially, as already noted, at the west front—to have suffered more from the enmity of man than from the slow attacks of nature. Inside, against the west wall, stands another battered relic of former glory, an organ with pipes all twisted and broken, a daughter of music which has indeed been brought low. The beautiful case and singing galleries, carved elaborately in Renaissance style, are claimed as a triumph of Coyssevox, a French sculptor of the seventeenth century. The Caryatides and putti and garlands of flowers, the pagan joyfulness of the spirit they breathe, stand out with poignant contrast against the squalor of their present surroundings. Each way we turn and look, whether in church, cloister, or monastery, it is only to find the same story repeated.

The inevitable sacristan, last and most difficult inmate to dislodge from any such place as this, has appeared upon the scene by this time, and is pouring forth the monotonous stream of information peculiar to his kind. He leads us to the sacristy, where the few remaining treasures of the monastery are preserved. Vestments are unfolded for our inspection, as beautiful and as decayed as all the rest of this sad building. Copes of faded Cordova leather lie side by side with tarnished, but once costly, embroideries. One of them at least links this remote Auvergne hill city with the stirring events of history.

Cardinal de Rohan, when the scandal of the diamond necklace was shaking Marie Antoinette's throne to its foundation, during several months found refuge from the storm gathering round his own head at La Chaise-Dieu. His

cope still remains in the sacristy of the church. Some fine wood panelling is also preserved, said to have been brought from his dining room. Far removed, however, La Chaise-Dieu seems to-day from the main current of history or intrigue. The stream of events has flowed elsewhere, and, so it would seem, little care priests or people to-day what may be the ultimate fate of the building.

We pass through a neglected court-yard, choked with weeds and rubbish, where a line of beautiful cloisters seem to utter a silent protest against the neglect of their surroundings. It is sad to think that the authorities of the district can contemplate with such complete indifference the decay of what at least has claims on their attention as a fine and historic monument. The sacristan, when questioned on the subject, answers with a shrug. The State, he says, is responsible nowadays for the upkeep of the building, "et l'Etat ne s'en occupe pas beaucoup, vous savez." And the people of the town, or the clergy? The monastery is practically closed, and as for the people, "on est tres pauve ici." No money therefore is forthcoming for repairs, and the half-dozen learned societies in England, which would be protesting under similar circumstances in the columns of the "*Times*," apparently have no existence here. One last look and we turn away, for in truth the temptation to linger is not great.

Despite the warmth and brightness of the day, the whole atmosphere of the place is sad and depressing. It is as though the old church had no heart left to rejoice in the sunshine—as though the gloom of autumn or winter were better attuned to its spirit. It all seems pitiful enough, and one must travel perhaps a long way up the stream of history to reach the source of the trouble. When the bigotry of that French monarch, nicknamed the Great, and the vicarious morality of his still more bigoted mistress, robbed France of religious liberty, they set in

motion a chain of events the ultimate evil consequences of which are written on the mouldering walls of such buildings as *La Chaise-Dieu*. Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—truly, though the mills of God grind slowly, they grind exceeding small.

It is impossible not to look upon this crumbling Auvergne church save as an unhappy symbol of the strife at present raging between Church and State in France. Foreigners naturally should refrain from passing judgment on a quarrel concerned with differences springing from a point of view of which they have little experience. But, without entering into the merits of the dispute, it is difficult to travel in rural France to-day without realizing that religion in its wider and best sense would appear to be in a very parlous state. The aspect of the village churches throughout the country speaks of nothing but neglect and indifference. Still further, during our journey of over 100 miles this Sunday morning, not once did we see man, woman or child who would appear to be bound to or returning from a place of worship.

When one reflects that a traveler similarly situated in England would have encountered in every village scores of persons en route for church or chapel, the contrast was astonishing and disturbing. Grateful we of the older establishment should be for the spirit of Mount Sion or Little Bethel, thanks to which the diverse spiritual aspirations of mankind may be satisfied, unhampered by the claims of a cramping uniformity.

The faith which springs from freedom, which fears nothing, and is prepared, if necessary, to question everything—such a faith alone can stand the ultimate shocks of time and change. We English have learned but slowly the homely lesson of "live and let live" in such matters; other nations lag far behind us in an apprehension of the fact. What matter diversity of faith

and ceremony, so long as the spirit from which alone truth and life proceed is kept alive? But to those who feel that, however secondary and unimportant the question of forms, spiritual atrophy in a nation must result inevitably in grave moral and social evils, there is much to give anxious pause in France to-day.

The controversy excited by the Education Act in England at least has the merit of proving an almost universal pre-occupation with the first principles of religion. If Church and Chapel alike are open to the charge of showing much unnecessary bitterness in their discussion of the problem, both may plead the extenuating circumstances of a great sincerity and a desire, from however widely different a standpoint, to further the true spiritual welfare of the land. In France, unfortunately, religious strife assumes a purely iconoclastic aspect. The nation, impatient of abuses, has arraigned not only ecclesiasticism but religion in its widest sense, and the elements of construction would appear to be lacking in the judgment passed.

The more intelligent even of the peasants appear to have no illusions left on the subject, but discuss their priests with frank cynicism. In matters religious, it is as though the people had dethroned their monarch and can find no other ruler. The principles of the Reformed Churches have little influence with the nation at large. They are alien to the temperament of the large majority of the people. By race and character the latter are sons of Rome, but to-day she fails to command their allegiance, and the trouble is that they know no other mistress. Naturally they cannot adapt themselves to the ecclesiastical point of view familiar to the citizens of countries in which the Reformation won the day.

Authority in full conflict with agnosticism, in a land devoid of that wholesome buffer of free religious institutions which Protestantism brings in

its train; authority which recognizes no via media reconciling both faith and science—unhappy is the country which finds itself involved in such a struggle. A whole nation in religious rebellion, and a nation, whatever the outcome, less happily situated than our own to deal with the situation, seeing that men must be disciplined as slowly and laboriously in the uses of religious liberty as of civil freedom—one can only feel there has been terrible mismanagement somewhere to provoke such a struggle, and to drive half France, with its back against the wall, in this attitude of passionate revolt. The outlook is not hopeful. People released from ecclesiastical leading-strings, and unaccustomed to stand alone, are apt to plunge somewhat wildly before they learn the novel uses of freedom.

France, however, foremost among the nations, has the genius of recuperation. What she has proved time over and again politically it may be her good fortune to prove ecclesiastically.

Monsieur Paul Sabatier has written hopefully of late as to signs pointing to the growth of a new and liberal Catholicism among the youth of France. If this acute and sympathetic observer should prove correct in his surmise, salvation may lie for the country along the lines he has indicated.

May they dawn for her yet, those happier days of peace and reconciliation when her churches no longer stand as symbols of strife to be looked upon as such with hostile and indifferent eyes. May all that is best in the faith of ages past merge with what is strong and wholesome in the present, so that generations to come will cherish with better understanding the venerable fabrics, bearing witness to their national inheritance and to the common ideal of Christendom.

And it may be in such a future that the old Abbey Church of La Chaise-Dieu will verily fulfil its name, throned not only on the summit of the mountain, but in the hearts of the people.

'NOTHING USELESS IS OR LOW.'

By RALPH HODGSON.

(From the Saturday Review.)

No pitted toad behind a stone
But hoards some secret grace,
The meanest slug with midnight gone
Has left a silver trace.

No dullest eye, to beauty blind,
Uplifted to the beast,
But prove some kin to angel-kind,
Though lowliest and least.

Pan-Islamism.

By VALENTINE CHIROL.

(From the National Review.)

WE often speak—rather light-heartedly—of the British Empire as, among other things, the greatest Mohammedan power in the world, and unquestionably no sovereign counts among his subjects so many millions of Mohammedans as King Edward. The total number of Mohammedans in the world is approximately estimated at some 250,000,000. Of these barely one-tenth own direct allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey, whereas there are no less than sixty-two millions within the frontiers of our Indian Empire, and millions more are to be found scattered about our possessions and protectorates in Malaya, and in Eastern, Central and Western Africa, while in Egypt and the Sudan we have assumed responsibility for another twelve million followers of the Prophet. This is unquestionably a factor of the very greatest importance in considering the interests and the future of the British Empire, for in the East religion is still a force more potent than any other; and in this, as in many other respects, the East stands much where Europe stood in the Middle Ages.

Both in Egypt and in India we have recently had reminders—which have come as a surprise to many of us—that Islam especially still represents an elemental force with which British statesmanship may have seriously to reckon. From this point of view I thought it might be of some interest to collect a few notes concerning the history and

growth of the movement which is now known as Pan-Islamism, in connection more particularly with its influence upon India.

It is just thirty years since the present Sultan Abdul Hamid came to the throne of Turkey. His Empire then seemed to be on the point of dissolution. His treasury was bankrupt. His Christian provinces were in revolt. Within two years a victorious Russian army was encamped at the gates of his capital. He himself was deemed to be a mere puppet in the hands of the powerful bureaucratic oligarchy which, after a succession of Palace conspiracies, had placed him upon the throne. We may reprobate the ruthlessness of his methods, but we cannot refuse our admiration to the consummate ability, the resourcefulness and the inflexibility of purpose with which Abdul Hamid—certainly one of the most striking figures of our times—faced so desperate a situation, and applied himself with mingled daring and cunning to the twofold task of restoring the despotic power of the Sultanate at home, and of seeking compensation for the curtailment of his temporal dominions by reviving and extending throughout the Mohammedan world the spiritual authority to which he lays claim as heir to the Khalifate of Islam. With regard to his domestic policy, all I need say is that, however severely we may condemn it according to our own standards, it has been from his point of view eminently successful.

The old oligarchy, which under his predecessors ruled Turkey from the Sublime Porte, has been swept away, and though Abdul Hamid never issues forth from his well-guarded Palace of Yeldiz Kiosk, the Sultan's will is the only law which to-day governs the Turkish Empire unto its uttermost limits. What I propose to deal with this afternoon is the influence which Abdul Hamid exercises and projects far beyond the immediate frontiers of the Turkish Empire, as the Khalif whose spiritual supremacy is proclaimed every week in the "Khutbeh," or Friday prayer, which is read in all the mosques of Sunni Mohammedans within his dominions, and in many mosques beyond them. This prayer runs as follows:

"O Allah, Mercifully help the 'Just Khalifs' (i. e., Abu-Bekr, Omar, Osman and Ali) and the Imams Mehdi (i. e., the descendants of Ali) who have administered justly and equitably. O Allah, strengthen and assist Thy Slave and Khalif, the Most powerful Sultan, the Most Glorious Khan, the Shadow of Allah on Earth, the Lord of the Kings of the Arabs and the Ajems, the Servant of the Twain Holy Places, the Sultan and Son of a Sultan, Sultan el Ghazi, Abdul Hamid Khan, Son of the Sultan el Ghazi Abdul Mejid Khan, Son of the Sultan el Ghazi Mahmoud Khan.

"May Allah preserve his Khalifate and strengthen with Justice his Sultanate, and may His benefits and favors be showered upon the whole world up to the end of All Times. Amen."

In theory it is easy enough to dispute the claims of the Turkish Sultans to the Khalifate. The title of Khalif, it will be remembered, was that assumed by the immediate successors of Mahomed as vicegerents of the Prophet. In the earliest days of Islam the succession of the Khalifate give rise to the first great Mohammedan schism—a schism which has been perpetuated to the present day, between Sunnis and Shias, Persia being now the one important Mussulman power that represents the latter sect. It was undoubtedly held by the early doctors of Mussulman law that the Khalif himself must belong to the Arab tribe of El Koreish, and that he must be

elected by the suffrages of the whole Mussulman community. But the process of election soon became a mere formality, and practically fell into desuetude long before the Khalifate had passed out of Arab hands. It became merely an honorific title, which was indeed at one time borne simultaneously by the independent rulers of different portions of the Mussulman world in Baghdad, Cairo and Cordova.

The claim of the Turkish Sultans to the Khalifate dates only from the sixteenth century, and arises out of the conquest of Egypt, where the fugitive descendants of the Abasside Khalifs who had formerly reigned in Baghdad were allowed to retain a shadowy authority, which lent to the turbulent Mameluke rulers of Cairo a certain spiritual prestige. The story is well worth recalling, for the spirit in which Selim I. compassed the conquest of Egypt would seem to have inspired in no small measure the latest of his successors on the Ottoman throne. The authority of the Egyptian Mamelukes extended, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, over the whole of Syria and Arabia to the valley of the Euphrates.

But in 1512 there came to the throne of Turkey, in the person of Selim I., a Sultan who combined with the devouring ambition of his ancestors a novel tendency toward philosophic mysticism, and a curious craving for spiritual illumination. Poet, philosopher and theologian, as well as conqueror, he was the first Ottoman Sultan to conceive the idea that the most powerful of Mohammedan princes might well claim to be also the paramount prince of Islam and the vicegerent of the Prophet. The first war waged by him was in the nature of a religious war. It was waged against Shah Ismail of Persia; it began with a wholesale massacre of Shias throughout Selim's dominions, and it ended with the complete overthrow of the Persian army at Tchaldiran, not to the wonted Turkish war-cry of "Padishah, Pa-

dishah," but to the essentially Mohammedan warcry of "Allah, Allah."

Selim's armies continued their career of conquest through Kurdistan into Mesopotamia, and thus ultimately came into direct collision with the forces of the Egyptian Mameluke Sultans in the Euphrates valley. Selim himself had by that time returned to Adrianople, and the various incidents related by Turkish historians throw an interesting light upon the frame of mind which determined his expedition to Egypt. The possession of the holy places of Arabia had already fired Selim's imagination, and all his courtiers harped upon this theme. His Vizier, Ahmed Pasha, who was all for war, taunted Selim with the story of how in his youth he had been a prisoner in Cairo in the hands of Kait Bey, and how the latter had boasted that the power of Egypt would always close the road to Mecca and Medina against the Turkish hordes. Selim's chief secretary impressed upon him that in Cairo, both actually and metaphorically, must be sought the keys of the Holy Places. His Master of the Ceremonies dreamed opportunely that the four disciples of the Prophet appeared to him waving victorious standards. This supernatural lead Selim was bound to follow, and he set forth in person to take command of the expedition in June, 1516.

The octogenarian Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, Kans Ghaury, had in the meantime collected the flower of his forces near Aleppo, at Merj-dabik, near the reputed tomb of David. His defeat was as complete as had been Shah Ismail's, and Selim held a triumphant entry into Aleppo, where for the first time at the Friday service in the Mosque, the title of Protector of the Holy Places was added to the other titles of the Ottoman Sultan. Such was Selim's delight that, following the example of the Prophet, who bestowed his own coat on Kaab Ibn Soheir for a poem of homage and good tidings, the Sultan took off the costly robe he

was wearing and placed it on the shoulders of the officiating divine.

At Damascus, where Selim paused for some weeks in his victorious progress toward Egypt, he spent, we are told, most of his time within the precincts of the wonderful Mosque of St. John, discoursing with learned doctors of Mohammedan law, and from the greatest of them, Sheikh Mohammed of Bedakshan, who had preached before him on the duties and responsibilities of the Khalifate, he implored and received a solemn blessing on his undertakings. Marching southward along the coast, Selim turned aside for a few days to make a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which is still, next to Mecca and Medina, the holiest city in the eyes of the Mohammedans. He reached Cairo early in 1517.

The Mameluke Sultans of Egypt and their followers were destroyed root and branch, but the last scion of the Abbaside Khalifs, El Muttawwakil, was not only spared but treated with the utmost show of deference. Having formally transferred to Selim the somewhat shadowy title he himself possessed to the Vicegerency of the Prophet, he was carried back with the conqueror to Constantinople, and together with him what was, perhaps, still more valuable, the famous Bordah or mantle of the Prophet, which had been for centuries the most cherished heirloom of the Abbassides.

Whether, according to Mohammedan law, Muttawwakil was competent to convey to Selim a good title to the Khalifate is no doubt a moot point, but possession is nine points of the law in the East as in the West, perhaps even more so in the East. In Cairo, as had been foretold to him, Selim received from Mohammed Abdul Barakat, the thirty-fourth Grand Sheriff of Mecca, through the hands of his son and special envoy, the keys of the sacred Kaaba, the immemorial shrine of Islam, and the title already conferred upon him at Aleppo, of Servant of the Holy

Places, thus received practical confirmation.

Before leaving Cairo Selim took care to discharge his new responsibilities by making elaborate provisions for the dispatch, under his auspices, of the annual pilgrims' caravan to Mecca, which had been hitherto one of the privileges of the rulers of Egypt, and the presents which accompanied it for the people of Mecca and Medina were on a scale of lavish munificence well calculated to secure their loyalty.

From that day to this none of Selim's successors has allowed the title to lapse. In the heyday of their military power, it is true, the Sultans were content to rely upon the keenness of their scimitar rather than upon spiritual power. The first Sultan who attempted to make capital out of his authority as Khalif in support of his temporal policy seems to have been Mustapha III., and it is interesting to note that this new departure coincides almost exactly with the first attempt of a great European Power to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey as the champion of the Christian subject races. Catherine II. had sent Admiral Orloff into the Mediterranean during the recent war with Turkey in order to induce the Greek populations of the Morea and Magnesia to rise against their oppressors.

During the peace negotiations at Fokshani in 1772 one of the conditions demanded by Russia was the recognition by Turkey of the independence of the Crimean Tartars. To this demand Sultan Mustapha replied by a "non possumus" based upon his duties as Khalif. He declared formally that to him as Khalif belonged spiritual supremacy over all Sunni Mussulmans, and that if he did not fully exercise that supremacy over India, Bokhara, Morocco and other countries whose rulers were Sunni Mussulmans, this was due merely to material difficulties of distance, but that he would be neglecting his duties as Khalif if he agreed to surrender the Tartars to the dominion of a Christian Power. This

interesting claim proved, however, of little avail against Catherine's big battalions, and the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainaidji, on the contrary, introduced a new principle of which the subsequent application in a far more extended form has repeatedly affected and still largely governs the relations between Turkey and the rest of Europe, for it recognized the right of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople to intervene with the Porte on behalf of the Sultan's Christian subjects in the Danubian provinces.

Perhaps because Mustapha's appeal to his authority as Khalif failed so lamentably on that occasion, the Khalifate dropped into the background, as far as Europe was concerned, for another century. Indeed, after the Crimean War and the Treaty of Paris, when Turkey was admitted into the comity of European nations, her chief anxiety was, at least as far as outward forms were concerned, to merge the Oriental in the Occidental, and in international documents we find even the title of Sultan transmuted into the westernized designation of Emperor of the Ottomans.

Abdul Hamid, however, is a keen student of the history of his own country, and it may well be Mustapha's claim which first inspired him to revive for his own benefit the pretensions of his less successful ancestor. Certain it is that for the last five and twenty years his policy both within and without his immediate dominions has been more and more closely bound up with his claim to the spiritual headship of Islam. Although it was to British intervention that Abdul Hamid mainly owed the mitigation of the harsh terms of peace imposed upon him by Russia in the Treaty of Saint Stephano, the relations of friendliness between this country and Turkey which followed the Berlin Congress were not of long duration.

With the advent of Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1880 Great Britain assumed the lead in a policy of suasion

and even of coercion, which though not in itself by any means antagonistic to the real interests of Turkey, frequently wore an outward aspect of hostility to the Sultan and to his Mohammedan subjects in the exclusive interests of his Christian subjects. In the eyes of Mohammedans, at least, the action of the European Concert, headed by England, often assumed the aspect of a religious crusade directed against the ascendancy of the ruling Moslem race in Turkey.

It is not unnatural that in these circumstances the Sultan should have been led to conceive a counter policy by which the forces of Islam should be brought together and organized for the purpose of resistance to the pressure of Christendom. Equally excusable was it that as to England had fallen the lead in bringing the pressure of Christendom to bear upon Turkey, the Sultan should have seen in a Mussulman revival possibilities of effective reprisals against that European Power which of all others had the largest Mohammedan element to reckon with in its own dominions.

It was during the complications which led to the British occupation of Egypt that Yeldish Kiosk appears to have become the seat of an organized propaganda on behalf of what has come to be known as Pan-Islamism. That was five and twenty years ago, and the channels through which Pan-Islamism works are so tortuous, its ramifications so subtle, that its slow and steady progress attracted but little attention except from those who know something of the East, and who were generally jeered at for their pains as visionaries and alarmists—until the events of the last twelve months in Egypt revealed as in a sudden blaze of light the activity of forces which we had ignored with our usual self-complacency because they are difficult to reconcile with our own conception of the fitness of things.

While Europe had been vainly protesting and demonstrating against Armenian and Macedonian atrocities, and

European diplomacy at Constantinople had been reduced to impotency by its own intestinal jealousies, emissaries had been constantly passing to and fro between Yeldish Kiosk and Mohammedan centers throughout the Eastern world, spreading the fame of the ever-victorious Khalif, who had drowned rebellion at home in rivers of infidel blood and stubbornly defied the wrath of the Powers.

Had not the mightiest of all the potentates of Christendom, the great War Lord of Germany, humbly traveled to Constantinople to do homage to the Padishah, and openly proclaimed himself at Damascus, "the devoted friend of the 300,000,000 Mussulmans who own His Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid to be their Khalif?" Surely the sword of Islam had sprung once more from the scabbard in which it had too long rusted. The word prestige is deprecated nowadays in humanitarian quarters as redolent of obsolete militarism and alien barbarism; but in the East it has lost none of its potency, and throughout the East, wherever Mohammedans congregate, in the porches of Mosques, in the bazaars of crowded cities, in wild mountain fastnesses, in the tents of the wandering nomads, in the great religious fairs, and above all, at that world-centre of Mussulman pilgrimage under the shadow of the Kaabah of Mecca, the name of Abdul Hamid has been sedulously magnified for the last quarter of a century with the results which we are now for the first time beginning to realize.

Among the concrete facts which demonstrate the earnestness and thoroughness of Abdul Hamid's Pan-Islamic policy, none is more remarkable and significant than the construction of the Hejaz Railway, which will ultimately link up the seat of his temporal power as Sultan at Constantinople with the seat of his spiritual power as Khalif at Mecca. A very full and valuable description of this railway was contributed in August last to Petermann's "Mittheilungen," the well-known German magazine of geography and ex-

ploration, by General Auler Pasha, a Prussian officer of engineers in the service of the Sultan. The following details are borrowed from it. The railway, which starts from Damascus and follows in the main the old pilgrim road to Mecca, was begun in 1901, and before the end of the year reached Deraa, whence a branch line of about 100 miles now connects with Haiffa on the Mediterranean. In 1904 it reached Ma'an, which was used as a military base for the dispatch of troops to Akabah and Tabah during the Turco-Egyptian controversy last spring. It has now reached Tebuk, which is halfway between Damascus and Medina, and next year it will reach Medain-Salih, a very important strategic point in connection with Nejd and Central Arabia. The total length of the line from Damascus to Mecca will be about 1,100 miles, of which 435 miles have been opened to traffic. The rate of construction, which is increasing, now averages about 100 miles a year, and the railway is expected to reach Medina in 1910, and Mecca about three years later.

The cost is estimated at a little more than £3,000 a mile, or altogether perhaps four millions sterling, including the branch from Deraa to Haiffa, and the prolongation from Mecca to Jeddah on the Red Sea—an extraordinarily small sum, considering the engineering difficulties and the still greater difficulties of transport and supply in a region which is almost entirely desert and waterless. The explanation is that no financial provision has to be made either for the acquisition of land or for the payment of labor.

The land is the Sultan's, and the labor is supplied by the troops. Three battalions of infantry, each 1,000 strong; two railway battalions, each 1,200 strong; one company of Pioneers, and a detachment of the Telegraph Service Corps have been furnished by the Fifth Army Corps from Damascus, and recently two more infantry battalions from the Sixth Army Corps have been ordered up from Baghdad. A German

engineer-in-chief, Meissner Pasha, with about a dozen German, Austrian and Swiss engineers, is in charge of the railway works, under the supreme direction of Field-Marshal Klazim Pasha.

To General Auler's technical report, General von der Goltz, the very distinguished officer of the German General Staff who for so many years presided over the reorganization of the Turkish army, has written a most instructive preface, of which the following is a summary:

"The world at large hardly heard of the Hejaz Railway until on September 1, 1904, H. M. the Sultan Abdul Hamid, on the anniversary of his accession to the throne, caused the opening of the line as far as the little town of Maan, in a remote southern corner of Syria, to be celebrated with a pomp and ceremony of which the echo resounded throughout the Mohammedan world. . . . To-day a considerable portion of the line is already completed, and the work of construction is being pushed on with an energy which shows not only what Turkey is capable of doing when the Sultan has proclaimed his will, but also how powerful is the religious sentiment of Islam. Contributions to the Hejaz Railway constitute a deed of piety, and that word has lost none of its magic in the East.

"The railway, covering a distance of about 1,100 miles, follows for the most part the old caravan route over which thousands and thousands of pious Musulmans have braved the tedium and dangers of the long journey in order to accompany the yearly offerings of the Sultan to the Holy Places. This journey will ultimately take only five days, and vast numbers of his subjects from Europe and from Asia Minor will be able, as never before, to achieve their hearts' desire and perform their devotions on the spot where the Prophet himself lived and died. To the elder generation this must sound as a fairy tale, and the Sultan could hardly have conceived an undertaking better calculated to enhance his prestige amongst all the peoples of Islam. By the time the railway reaches the gates of Mecca, it will undoubtedly be linked up from Damascus, via Aleppo, with the Anatolian system and the Baghdad line, and there will thus be an unbroken iron road from Constantinople to the Sacred City.

"Abdul Hamid's rule is inspired with the steady, unswerving purpose of bringing into closer and mightier cohesion the whole Mohammedan world under his sceptre, or, at least, under his influence. Of late years his efforts have been directed specially to Arabia, where the acknowledgment of Turkish supremacy has made great strides, though in the land of Yemen, the ancient Arabia Felix, the struggle has yet to be fiercely fought out. The

policy of the Sultan, directed to what may be called internal conquests, which shall compensate him in the Islamic world for the losses suffered on the fringe of his Empire under the pressure of Christendom, will receive a mighty impulse from the opening of the railway to the Holy Places. The remoteness of the southern provinces of his dominions has been a serious cause of military weakness in the past. But all this will be altered when railways reach from Constantinople to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Turkey will then regain, as it were, a new lease of youth and vigor."

So far General von der Goltz. There are other aspects of the policy embodied in the Hejaz Railway upon which he does not dwell, though they are clearly present to his mind. At present the Sultan's position in Arabia, much as he has already done to consolidate it, depends very largely upon British good-will. The vast majority of the forces which he has poured into Arabia, and especially into the Yemen, where a ten years' campaign has not yet broken the stubborn resistance of the tribes, have been transported by sea. Men as well as supplies and war-like stores of every description have to be sent across the Mediterranean through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea. What that means with our command of the sea and our dominant position in Egypt, I need not point out. The completion of the Hejaz Railway will in a large measure relieve the Sultan from the galling dependence upon friendly relations with Great Britain which the maintenance of his main line of communication with Arabia now necessitates.

It is not, however, only as a means of securing continuous land communication between Constantinople and the Holy Places that the construction of the Hejaz Railway will strengthen the strategic position of Turkey in Arabia. The existence of practically independent principalities in Central Arabia such as that which Ibn-el-Rashid carved out for himself in Nejd, has from time to time been a severe thorn in the flesh to the Sultans. Next year, as we have already seen, the Hejaz Railway will reach Medain Salih, and

as that place is about the best jumping-ground for Nejd via Teyna, the arrival of railhead there must vastly strengthen the Turkish position throughout Central and Southeastern Arabia, right down to the Persian Gulf.

We have only to remember the large share which our own protege, the Sheikh of Koweyt, has played during the last few years in the struggle for power between the descendants of the old Wahabi Emirs and the successors of Muhammed Ibn-el-Rashid, in order to realize how severely the establishment of Turkish supremacy in the Gebel Shammar might press upon our allies along the Arabian shores of the Persian Gulf. I had an opportunity of discussing this question a few years ago with the Sheikh of Koweyt himself, whose friendly relations with the Indian Government had given deep umbrage to Turkey. In fact, Turkish troops had moved out from Bassorah and Baghdad, and the presence of British ships had alone averted the aggressive intervention of the Turks. Nevertheless, Sheikh Mubarak professed to entertain little apprehension with regard to Turkish aggression from that quarter, but laid great stress upon the necessity for him of keeping his communications open with Arabia, and of securing the independence of Nejd from Turkish control by retaining it in possession of his Wahabi friends.

Nor is it only in connection with our own position in the Persian Gulf that the consolidation of Turkish power in the Arabian Peninsula may directly affect British interests. The history of India within relatively recent times offers a very striking example of the influence which events in Arabia can exercise upon the Mohammedan population of India.

One of the most important religious movements among Indian Mohammedans under British rule was the direct result of the great Mohammedan revival in Arabia toward the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, known as Wahabism, after its founder, Mohammed

Wahab, of Nejd. That movement, it will be remembered, swept over the whole of Arabia, and for a time wrested even the Holy Places from the power of the Sultans, who had to call in the aid of Mehemet Ali, the great Pasha of Egypt, to stamp it out by sheer force. One of Wahab's disciples, Seyyid Ahmad Shah of Bareilly, introduced his doctrines into India in 1826, and preached a holy war against the Sikh confederacy, which was then supreme in the Northern Punjab.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which his teachings were welcomed, the movement in that part of India proved abortive, but some of its adherents established themselves permanently both in the northwest and in the western districts of Bengal, where they made their headquarters at Patna. From the latter place, especially, they sent out emissaries all over India, and notably into Eastern Bengal, where Hajji Sharnet Ullah, who had himself been at Mecca and come into personal contact with Wahab, became an active missionary of the new doctrine. He made a large number of converts, especially among the lower classes, and both he and his son after him, waged successful war against the Hindu superstitions which had continued to maintain their hold over the followers of the Prophet. Their proceedings were often lawless and brought them frequently into conflict with the British authorities. But they undoubtedly gave a powerful impetus to Mohammedan feeling throughout Eastern Bengal, and also in Behar.

Before proceeding, however, to the consideration of the effect which the growth of Abdul Hamid's prestige as a leader of Islam has produced upon the Mohammedans of India, I want to draw your attention to a very significant movement which has been going on in Persia, the one country where the Shah form of Islam is supreme. One would have imagined that the bitter hatred which has subsisted for thirteen centuries between Shias and Sunnis would have rendered Persia inac-

cessible to the Pan-Islamic propaganda of a Sunni Sultan, though the possession by Turkey of the Holy Places of Arabia, to which the duty of pilgrimage is imposed on both Shias and Sunnis, and also of the shrines more peculiarly sacred to the Shias—such as Kerbela and Meshed Ali, in the valley of the Euphrates—necessarily confers upon the Sultans a prestige which the Persians are compelled to recognize, and in various treaties concluded between Sultan and Shah, the former's title of "Protector of the Holy Places" is duly recognized.

But the danger to which the independence of Persia, like that of Turkey, has been exposed by the growing pressure of the Western Powers has unquestionably been used with no little effect of recent years by the missionaries of the Sultan to bring home to the people of Persia the expediency of sinking sectarian differences in the common cause of Islam. The unpopularity of the present Shah among the clergy of Persia, who have openly charged him with selling his country to the infidel, is so great that on several occasions the protests against his misgovernment have taken the form of threats to appeal to the protection of the Sultan, even if such protection were to involve a reconciliation with Sunnism. About two years ago the Mujtehids, or High Priests, of Kerbela were stated to have openly threatened the Shah with excommunication for his subserviency to an infidel power, and even these high ecclesiastics, whose fortunes would seem to be indissolubly bound up with Shiism, did not hesitate to hint that the time was at hand when Shias as well as Sunnis would be compelled to take refuge under the sheltering aegis of the one great Mohammedan Sovereign who had proved himself to be the providential protector of Islam.

It would be still more interesting to have some really trustworthy data respecting the presence of Pan-Islamic influences in Afghanistan, the only survivor to-day, but a survivor full of

vitality, of the independent Mohammedan States of Central Asia. But so rigidly is Afghanistan closed against foreign intercourse, in spite of our Treaty relations with the Ameer, that our information in regard to the present condition of affairs is altogether scanty, and scantiest of all in regard to the relations between the Afghans and the Sultan. The only occasion upon which Abdul Hamid is known to have exerted his influence by an official mission to Kabul was at the time of the last Afghan war, when our own relations with Turkey still retained the cordial character they had acquired at the Berlin Congress.

The Sultan's influence was then exercised toward the restoration of peace between Afghanistan and India. Shortly afterward, however, the wind shifted at Yeldiz, and Abdul Hamid sent his former envoy at Kabul to be Turkish Consul-General at Bombay, where the first agency was established for distributing items of news concerning Islam and the Khalif among the Mahomedans of the northwest frontier and Afghanistan. That Afghan chiefs and Mollahs on their way to and from Mecca are frequent visitors to Yeldiz Kiosk, we know, and some of them are no doubt the bearers of political messages between the Sultan and the Ameer, while they all carry back with them to Afghanistan stories, which lose nothing in the telling, of Abdul Hamid's munificence, and of the glories of Isla'mbole—the Persian and Afghan corruption of Stambul—which thus acquires the meaning, "where Islam is plentiful."

It is certainly worth noting that a growing amount of interest has been manifested of late years in the fate of Turkey, and in British policy toward the Sultan, among the border tribes of the northwest frontier, which are in close contact with and to some extent under the influence of the Ameer. It is generally admitted that the excitement and enthusiasm caused by the victories of the Turkish armies over Christian Greece in the spring of 1897

had a good deal to do with the aggressive turbulence of the tribes which led to the Tirah campaign in the autumn of the same year. Last winter I happened to be at Peshawar at the time when the annual jirgahs or meetings between the frontier tribesmen and the British political officers of the frontier took place, and I was struck with the very keen interest which they displayed in our relations with Turkey. The naval demonstration, in which we naturally took a leading part, was being then carried on in connection with the Macedonian question, and the tribesmen made no secret of the disfavor with which they viewed our co-operation in the coercion of Turkey. They had been taught to look upon it solely as an act of hostility toward Islam, and they were not at all inclined to listen to any attempt to discriminate between the Sultan as a temporal ruler and the Khalif as the spiritual head of Islam.

The question of paramount importance to us, however, is whether and to what extent Pan-Islamism has reached the great masses of our Indian Mohammedans, who number roughly one-fifth of the whole population of our Indian Empire, and of whom the vast majority are Sunnis, like the Turks.

It is not infrequently contended that in spite of their large numbers, the Mohammedans of India do not represent a really cohesive force, because they comprise several dissident sects, and consist very largely of the descendants of converts upon whom their religion sits very lightly. There is no doubt some truth in this contention, and to a certain extent Islam may be said never to have entirely prevailed over the more ancient influences of Hinduism. Witness the extent to which caste feeling has preserved its hold upon Indian Mohammedans, though the fundamental conception of caste is absolutely at variance with the democratic principles of the founder of Islam.

Again, it may be urged that, as a large number of Indians were won

over to Islam by the prospect of relief from the social disabilities imposed upon them by the caste system peculiar to Hinduism, they represent a lower social stratum than the Hindus. This also is true up to a certain point. But on the other hand, it must be remembered that if many of the converts to Islam were drawn from the low caste Hindus, a very considerable number were also drawn from classes influential by their wealth and by their position in every respect except in that of caste.

Nor should it be forgotten that among the ruling chiefs of India, a good many are themselves Mohammedans, including the most powerful of all, the Nizam of Hyderabad, who rightly prides himself on being the premier-Prince of the Indian Empire. Another argument often used is that after all the Mussulmans only form a majority of the population in a few provinces, such as Eastern Bengal, the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier. But against this fact may be set off the other and perhaps more important fact that there is scarcely a single province in which they are not represented, and that their strength lies chiefly in the large towns, where public opinion is much more articulate than in the rural districts. They have, above all, and not only in that part of India which was the seat of the Moghul Empire, the prestige which attaches all over the East to a race which has been a ruling race. At various periods during the thousand years which have elapsed since Islam was first imported into India from Arabia and Mesopotamia, Mohammedan dynasties have reigned and flourished in almost every part of the peninsula, and there is scarcely a Hindu whose ancestors have not at one time or another bowed their knee to a Mohammedan ruler.

On the whole, a careful analysis of the various elements which make up the Mussulman population of India today would, I think, show that the Mohammedans occupy a position which

cannot be measured merely by their numbers.

During the last twenty years there has unquestionably been a growing feeling among them all over India that the maintenance of Turkish power and independence is a great Mohammedan interest, in which all Mohammedans are concerned. Amid the decay of all other Mohammedan States Turkey remains in their eyes the one Power which represents the traditions of militant Islam. As an influential and liberal-minded Mohammedan remarked to me, if Turkey were to disappear, the Mohammedans would become like unto the Jews—a mere religious sect whose kingdom was gone. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the Sultan's policy should have produced so many causes of conflict with England, many of them connected with issues to which the Sultan's emissaries could easily give a sectarian coloring.

The public meetings held last year by the Mohammedans in many of the chief Mohammedan centers of India to protest against the coercion of Turkey in connection with Macedonian affairs, were symptomatic of the growth of a feeling which had already become manifest years ago when Lord Salisbury denounced the Sultan himself as the author of the Armenian massacres, and with still less reserve when in the following year Abdul Hamid had once more on European battlefields victoriously wielded "the sword of Islam," though only against so puny a foe as Greece. Even more symptomatic is it that in this very year, just after the acute crisis which nearly ended in open hostilities between Great Britain and Turkey, the Sultan's name-day has been celebrated by the Mohammedans in many parts of India with conspicuous and unexampled fervor. In India, too, as in other parts of the Mohammedan world, the Hejaz Railway has been used by Abdul Hamid as a splendid advertisement for the virtues of Khilafate, and a part of its cost has been defrayed by Indian contributions.

In what light exactly the Moham-

medans of India view the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate is a point of no slight interest. In many mosques his name appears to be used in the Friday prayers, but excellent authorities assure us that this does not imply anything more than a mark of respect and reverence for a great Mussulman sovereign. The most interesting pronouncement on this subject is that which was made a few months ago at the time of the Anglo-Turkish differences by Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, the Hon. Secretary of the Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental Club at Aligarh, who has been since the death of Sir Sayyid Ahmad the foremost leader of enlightened Mohammedan opinion. The Nawab gave it as his opinion that if the Indian Moslems speak of the Sultan as Khalif, they do so by way of honoring the greatest Mohammedan king of our time, whose position is rendered still more important by his being servant of the sacred places and the Kaaba. "The term," he added, "is on no account to be taken to mean that Indian Moslems regard him as their ruler in any way, or consider his orders to be binding on them." Quoting from authoritative works on the subject of the rights and duties of the Khalif; the Nawab said it was impossible, having regard to the duties set forth, for any man of even common understanding to think that the Sultan is the Khalif of the Indian Mussulmans in the real sense of the term, or that they are in any matter bound by their religion to obey him. They are the subjects of the King-Emperor, and owe their allegiance to him alone.

"It does not, however, follow (he continued) that the Indian Mussulmans have no love for the Sultan of Turkey, or that they do not care for the safety of the Turkish Empire. On the contrary, they all wish with one heart for the stability of Turkish rule, and earnestly pray God that friendly relations between Great Britain and the Porte may be firmly established. Those of us (he said in conclusion) who say they care nothing for the Sultan and for Turkey are either cringing flatterers of the British Government, whom the Government will assuredly never credit, or they have no love for religion. Loyalty toward our Government does not exclude the idea of sym-

pathy with one's co-religionists. Those who think that the two are exclusive of each other are ignorant both of their religious duties and of their political relations."

Another Indian Mohammedan of repute, Hajji Muhammed Ismail Khan, of Dataoli, late member of the Legislative Council of the United Provinces, has recently published a letter on the same subject, and on much the same lines, which, however, contains a noteworthy admission that goes considerably further than the Nawab's letter. For he acknowledges in so many words that "there are certain Mohammedans in India who have a greater love and reverence for the Sultan than is legitimate, or than should really exist. They consider him as a necessary part of their religion."

Without wishing to exaggerate the importance of these and other utterances, one cannot but infer from them that the influence which Abdul Hamid is beginning to exercise as the Khalif of Islam over the minds of Indian Mohammedans is causing among the more loyal and enlightened section of the Mohammedan community in India a certain measure of apprehension, and that they feel that the time has come openly to disown its growth.

This is a matter which deserves very close and serious consideration at the hands of our rulers, especially at a time when the Mohammedans of India are, rightly or wrongly, disposed to believe that their interests no longer receive from the Supreme Government the same impartial treatment to which they had been hitherto accustomed. I do not wish to enter upon controversial questions which have lately been raised in regard to British administration in India, but the fact remains that recent events have produced upon the minds of not a few Indian Mohammedans the impression that their rights as a minority have been sacrificed, and are likely to be still further sacrificed in the future, to the claims of the Hindu majority, and merely, in their opinion, because the Hindu majority has had recourse to methods of agitation which

the Indian Mohammedans have not hitherto considered to be compatible with their deep sense of loyalty toward the British Raj.

Their resentment is all the greater in that whatever the antagonism between Christianity and Islam, they have hitherto always believed that there was a certain community of religious thought between Moslems and Christians, which cannot exist between either us or them and the Hindus. We are, like them, as they term it, "ahl-el-kitab," people of the Book, that is to say, that we have in common with them a belief in revealed Scriptures, and the Koran to them is only a later revelation which has superseded, but has not destroyed, the sanctity attaching to the Old and New Testament. Above all, they share with us, as they contend, the common ground of a belief in the Unity of God, which should draw us more closely toward them than we can possibly be drawn toward the idolatrous polytheism or pantheism of the Hindus.

To these religious considerations are now added political considerations no less weighty, for they rightly contrast the large part which the Mohammedan races of India have borne in the defense of the British Raj with the disloyal agitation of many Hindus, and especially of the noisiest section, the Bengalis, who have, to say the least, never been conspicuous for the martial qualities which the Mohammedans have so often displayed shoulder to shoulder with ourselves.

Among the younger generation of Mohammedans there is a certain feeling of impatience which cannot be safely ignored. It is finding vent at the present moment in the proposal to establish Mohammedan organizations which shall be as effective for the furtherance of Mohammedan interests as the Indian National Congress is conceived to have been in the furtherance of Hindu interests. Though the Mohammedans may be perfectly sincere at present in protesting that they have no intention of adopting Hindu meth-

ods of agitation, one cannot feel quite confident as to what they may do in the future. Should the expectations of the Mohammedans be disappointed, the tendency of these new Mohammedan organizations might well be to seek at least the moral support of their co-religionists beyond the frontier of India, and that is a tendency which Pan-Islamic propagandists would not fail to encourage.

One word in conclusion to deprecate exaggerated apprehensions. It may well be that Pan-Islamism in its present form will not survive the remarkable ruler to whose energy and ability its inception and growth are mainly due. One feature which is in many ways reassuring is that it has achieved greater popularity outside than inside of Turkey proper. None know better than the best class of Turks what Abdul Hamid's policy has cost them, and none deplore more deeply the estrangement of British friendship. So long as Abdul Hamid steers the same course as in the past, all that this country can probably do is to avoid as far as possible any action which can be construed into deliberate hostility to Islam or injustice to our Mohammedan subjects, and especially to our Indian Mohammedans, whose splendid qualities and militant loyalty constitute perhaps the greatest of our imperial assets in India.

But whenever a real change takes place at Constantinople, whether it be in Abdul Hamid's lifetime, or more probably when he is gathered in due course to his forefathers, it may be hoped that whatever British Government is in power will take the earliest opportunity of showing in the face of the Mohammedan world that British policy is inspired by no settled antagonism to Turkey, but on the contrary is prepared to respect and even to support the legitimate exercise of both the temporal and the spiritual authority of the Sultanate, so long as, on the other hand, these are not employed to subserve purposes of hostility to the British Empire.

The Key-Note of Canada.

By H. C. THOMSON.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

THE romance of Canada, how great and various it is! What memories of chivalrous daring, of bygone feuds, of fierce and glorious encounter, are linked with the names of Quebec and Montreal, and of a conflict with the forces of nature, equally heroic though of a different kind, with those of Winnipeg and Vancouver! Nor is this romance altogether of the past. Wher-
ever the settler, with ceaseless struggle, is pushing his way into regions hitherto unknown, in the trackless wilds of the untrdden Labrador, and in the still vaster recesses of the mountain ranges of the great Northwest that stretch back into the frozen and uninhabitable North, the same lives are still being lived of the iron resolution, the stanch, unyielding courage, which have made Canada what she is.

And when we ponder over her history, what is it that for us, in Great Britain, at the present time, may constitute perhaps Canada's greatest value? If we consider the forces that go to the building up of nations may it not be thought to lie, not so much in the extent of her territories, in their boundless resources, in the indomitable energy of her people, as in their instinctive love of freedom, and in the spirit of justice and fair dealing by which they have always been animated? For that is the key-note of it all—of the imperial lesson that Canada is enforcing.

It is a legacy from the earliest days of Canadian colonization. "Spaniards, led to the New World by the lust of gold," wrote Warburton in an eloquent passage which we would do well to bear in mind lest the fate of Spain overtake us also, for we have been treading lately in a perilously similar path, "soon sacrificed their America to slavery; Englishmen, led thither by the love of liberty, consecrated their new soil to freedom. Europe rushed forth to colonize, each nation according to its character, leaving forever the stamp of that character impressed upon its colonies." If we examine, we shall find that in every aspect of Canadian policy, in the relations established from the first between the British and the French, in the gradual and unforced extension of self-governing rights to the different provinces of which Canada is composed, but most of all in the treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants this original impress is apparent.

And in these days, when Great Britain is acquiring immense territories all over Africa, and with their acquisition is assuming a great and onerous responsibility to the natives who inhabit them, a study of the Canadian treatment of the Indian tribes is of imperial concern. All over the Dominion they are prosperous and content; nomads as they are, bred up wholly to war and the chase, they have nevertheless acquiesced peacefully in the new conditions of life

which the onward march of the white man has imposed upon them, because they have been treated with justice, and with what is even more to the purpose, with a sympathetic tact.

This has been due in great measure to the fortunate circumstance that until quite recently Canada was not a gold-producing land; nor was it ever enervated like Africa, and like the Southern States of America, with the curse of servile labor. The Indians had no disposition to work and were too powerful to be compelled to do so, and the settlers were obliged therefore to depend entirely upon their own exertions. Their character was, as a result, in marked contrast to that of the settlers further south, "most of whom" pathetically wrote Capt. Smith, "were come to do nothing else but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold and load gold. I entreat you," he added, "rather send me but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons and diggers up of tree roots than a thousand such as we have." Their treatment of the Indians was not good, and before many years, like the mine owners of Johannesburg to-day, they had recourse to imported labor, and brought in the negro slaves from Africa, who are so increasing a perplexity to America now.

The New England States, from which the Canadian loyalists were mostly drawn, became on the contrary the abiding place of the Pilgrim Fathers, among whom a very different spirit prevailed. Roger Williams bluntly told the Massachusetts people that the charter of Charles the First was worthless because the King of England had no right to cede to them the possessions of the Indians; and Robert Cushman made complaints of certain of those who had been sent out to him in the Charity that "they are no fit men for us, and I fear will hardly deal as well with the Indians as they should." And he goes on to say "that warring with them after another manner than their wont, by friendly usage, love, peace, honest and

just carriage and good treatment, we and they may not only live in peace in that land, and they yield subjection to an earthly prince, but that they may be persuaded at length to embrace the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ." Nowadays it seems a mockery to quote such words, but at the time they were written they were not in the least hypocritical. Men then not only wrote and spoke like that, but they tried honestly to live up to their speech.

Robert Winslow wrote to a friend in England:

We have found the Indians very faithful in their covenant of peace with us; very loving and ready to pleasure us; we often go to them, and they come to us. Some of us have been fifty miles by land in the country with them. We entertain them familiarly in our houses, they as friendly bestowing their venison upon us. They are a people without any religion, yet very trusty, quick of apprehension, ripe witted, just.

And a like spirit happily actuated the British government. The proclamation of George the Third of October 7, 1763, is a notable document. It recites first that certain specified territories should be reserved exclusively for the several Indian nations or tribes then living upon them, and it goes on to enact that all persons who had settled there should remove therefrom, and that no purchase of land therein should be made by any private person, and that any purchase by the Government should be made only in the name of the Government, and formally ratified at a public assembly of the Indians. The terms of this proclamation were strictly enforced; the result being that in Canada there have been few of the native risings which have been so frequent in the States and elsewhere. These risings are largely due to encroachments, both by the State and by private individuals, upon the native reserves; encroachments to which, in spite of formal treaties with the aborigines, judicial sanction has been given.

Obedience to law has always been, however, a strikingly Canadian char-

acteristic, and it is so still. In 1898, in the city of Quebec, with a population of over 75,000 people, there were only 425 convictions for crime, some of which were convictions several times over of the same persons; and at the time the writer visited it there were only 350 prisoners in the jail, thirty-six of whom were women. It should be mentioned in passing that the Canadian criminal law is the most humane, as well as probably the best, in the world, and the administration of justice is inflexible without being oppressive.

Quebec is a long settled district, and its immunity from crime is not nearly so remarkable as is that of the recently absorbed Northwest territories. These immense regions comprise 375,000 square miles, an area almost equal to that of Germany and France combined, and nearly twice that of Spain and Portugal. When they were taken over they were inhabited by a considerable number of warlike tribes, numbering, it is computed, not less than 27,000 fighting men; and it has only been by the exercise of the most patient forbearance that serious rebellions have been averted.

A principal agent in the work of administration has been the Northwest mounted police, whose record has seldom been equalled, and has certainly never been surpassed; though like all quietly successful performances it has attracted comparatively little attention.

It was called into existence when the great wave of westward emigration began, it being found absolutely necessary to have an armed force, not only to keep the Indians in check, but to maintain order among the settlers, many of whom were not of the most law-abiding character, and above all to suppress absolutely and at once the traffic in drink which was playing such havoc among the tribes.

Some years ago, when on a visit to Canada, the writer was enabled to obtain the annual reports of the force from the year of its formation up to

1899. They constitute an invaluable record of the growth of the territories and furnish a vivid picture of the conditions under which the early settlers lived, and the difficulties and dangers they had to surmount.

It originated in a small body of 300 men raised in the spring of 1874 by Lieut.-Col. French. The task before them was no easy one, and Col. French told the men plainly on parade what lay before them—that they might have to lie in wet clothes night after night, that they might often be without water and sometimes without food—and he called upon any who were not prepared to take their chances of these privations to fall out, and they could have their discharge. A few did so, Col. French's laconic comment being: "One feels they acted properly in the matter."

The men knew perfectly the work they were undertaking and none have ever better acted up to what they undertook. The first duty they were called upon to perform was to put down the traffic in drink, which had attained dangerous proportions and required immediate handling. For four months, from July to November, they were kept unrelaxingly at work in the most trying variations of climate—the temperature when they started from Dufferin being 95 degrees to 100 degrees in the shade, and when they returned between 20 degrees and thirty degrees below zero. In that short time they marched over 1,900 miles, and on December 4 Mr. Macleod, the assistant commissioner, had the satisfaction of being able to report the complete stoppage of the drink traffic throughout the whole of that immense section of country. It was the salvation of the Indians, who were being ruined irretrievably in mind and body by the whisky dealers. Their chiefs expressed the keenest delight at the arrival of the force; drunken riots, they said, were frequent among their young men, many of whom were shot in them; all this was peremptorily stopped, and one old chief gave vent to this graphic

expression of gratitude: "Before you came the Indian crept along; now he is not afraid to walk erect."

Six years later the force was increased to 500 men in accordance with a recommendation by the commandant, Lieut.-Col. Irvine, who did not consider the existing force of 300 strong enough to cope with the requirements of the country. His report is interesting:

The Blackfeet nation is composed of the Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegan, notably wild and warlike; three numerically strong tribes, forming the most powerful nation in the Northwest Territory. It is more particularly with these tribes that the utmost care and delicate handling is demanded in their management. In 1877 it must be remembered that large quantities of buffalo were to be found in the country, the Indians were then self-supporting, in fact almost rich, and certainly contented. Thus, notwithstanding the fact of these tribes being no less than savages, they were not dangerous. Now matters have completely changed, the savage nature alone remaining; and being purely dependent upon the government for a living, the yoke of dependence hangs somewhat heavily upon them. * * * It must be remembered that these Indians have led a lawless and roving life, that they have been accustomed from infancy to regard other men's cattle and horses as fair plunder, and that the habits of a lifetime are not easy to unlearn. It is not natural to suppose that they will at once settle down to a quiet, humdrum life, and devote themselves heart and soul to farming. Discontent may, in fact, more than probably will, break out, and the spirit of unrest show itself, particularly among the young men, which, if not suppressed in time, will result in periodical raids on the cattle and horses of settlers. This would in a short time lead to acts of retaliation, and a serious outbreak as a natural consequence.

That was in 1880, and twenty years later the policy so quietly and assiduously followed was bearing goodly fruit.

Why is it there have been no Indian wars as there have been in the United States—and only too frequently in Africa? It is because in Canada the fact has never been lost sight of that the natives must be protected from the swarms of adventurers who scatter themselves over a newly acquired territory in search of minerals, and still more because the Canadian

Government has never attempted to force the Indians to labor either by direct or indirect compulsion, by hut taxes, or taxes on additional wives, or by any other similar expedient. They have not been in a hurry to exploit the resources of their country; they have allowed them to develop slowly but surely, and the Indian intelligence to develop slowly with them.

Supt. Crozier's report in 1883 gives some idea of the thorough way in which the police have been trained to protect and assist the Indian population. The winter was a hard one, and exceptional measures had to be adopted.

Provisions had to be taken to the camps by the police, in some instances as far as sixty miles, and as the season advanced, this service became not only frequent and difficult, but dangerous. The Indian horses were so wretchedly reduced from cold and scarcity of grass that they were not even able to carry food from the fort to their camps. I cannot help remarking that it was fortunate indeed that the Indians about the Cypress Hills were looked after and able to procure a supply of provisions from the fort, otherwise hundreds would have starved to death. Feeling the necessity of economizing the supplies on hand in every possible way, I purchased tackle and nets, that by fishing the Indians might to a certain extent help to gain their living. The experiment was at first only partially successful, notwithstanding my sending members of the force, experienced fishermen, with the Indians to the different lakes to set their nets and render all possible instruction and assistance.

This is a very different tone from that expressed in the saying so often approvingly quoted that there is "no good Injun but a dead Injun."

The result of this considerate policy was that before many years the Indians became practically independent and self-supporting. Commissioner Herchmer, in his report for 1896, stated that nearly all the reserves had made considerable progress, that the Indians were increasing their herds of cattle, seeing the great advantage to be derived from the sale of them, that many Indians were at work putting up and selling hay, that even the Blackfeet and the Bloods had com-

menced to buy mowers and hay rakes and to take contracts for putting up hay for the ranchers, in addition to the quantity required for themselves. But what was more significant still, the Blackfeet were, he added, mining considerable coal, and the Bloods had obtained the contract for hauling part of the coal required at the McLeod detachments; very few blankets were worn, white men's clothes being generally used; and every year the treaty money was expended on more useful articles, such as stores, wagons, mowers and rakes, and that even furniture was freely bought.

And again, two years later, he reported that, although in some districts their crops were a failure, yet the means of earning money which they could then command had placed the industrious ones above want even where there had been little hunting.

So, too, Inspector Morris in the same years lays stress on the wonders worked by irrigation as a civilizing agent, how it was making the Indians self-supporting, and bringing about an entire change in their lives.

Indians are not necessarily lazy because they are Indians. They will work when they learn the advantages to be gained through labor, and thousands of them are learning that lesson and have learned it. It was first learned by the tribes of the Indian Territory, and it might have been learned by their brothers of the Northwest had the conditions been the same as theirs. In the old days there was no incentive to labor; if an Indian in the Northwest would plant the seed given him by the government he might have a crop, but he probably would not have. With irrigation introduced it is different; irrigation insures a crop, and removes the element of uncertainty that would attend farming in the Northwest Territories without it.

In the course of their duty the police had often to incur great risks from exposure to the terrible cold of the Canadian winter. Supt. Jarvis refers incidentally to the soldierly behavior of a detachment of thirty men under Inspector Dinny, who were obliged to ride to Fort Calgary and back, a distance of 200 miles, in the depth of winter without tents; and

Commandant Steele, in 1899, commends the fortitude and endurance shown by his men under circumstances of the most trying character amid the terrific storms which raged round their camps on the Yukon.

A report by Inspector Moodie in 1898 gives in a few words a clearer idea off the nature of the country the police have to operate in than could be obtained from any labored description:

The route I followed may be roughly said to be through heavy timber almost all the way, with the exception of from Sturgeon Lake to a short distance west of Dunvegan Ranche. Owing to this thick timber horses cannot even be picketed at night, and frequently, in consequence of down timber, cannot even be hopped, but have to be turned loose. The time spent in collecting in the morning twenty or thirty horses thus turned loose in the bush at night and wandering about to find good feed can easily be imagined. From the Rockies (about fifty miles east of Graham) to the Dease the country is simply one mass of mountains. There is no such thing as making a bee line between any two places. From the Dease to Frances Lake is rather better, but from there to the Felly is again very mountainous, and covered with about two feet of moss, making travel very hard on both men and horses. * * * When I arrived at Fort St. John on the first of November it was perfectly impossible to go through the mountains with horses. Mine were tired and weak, as all the feed was frozen, and had no nourishment in it to work horses hard. Even had I got through, the horses, without hay and with snow four to five feet deep, would have died, and then, without dogs, I must have waited until the rivers opened, and gone to Fort McLeod Lake by canoe and thence ninety miles over land to Stuart Lake as best I could. Then again the ice had not taken on the rivers at St. John and west, and yet it was running too thick to ford or swim horses.

Nor is the weather the only danger the men have to meet. Among so large an Indian population there must be an occasional encounter, not always unattended with bloodshed, with those who are refractory or criminal. Only a year or two ago Sergt. Wilde was killed by an Indian called Charcoal, whom he was endeavoring to arrest, and whom, although armed, he had hesitated to shoot. Supt. Steele, in reporting his death, says he was one

of the finest men who ever served in the force, faithful, brave and true. And how good a class of men are attracted to it is shown by Wilde's career; eleven years' service in the Fourth Dragoon Guards, three years in the Second Life Guards, and fourteen in the Northwest Mounted Police.

Here and there the reports, although couched in the matter-of-fact language of official documents, are lit up with the most dramatic incidents, and read like a veritable romance. The hunting down of Almighty Voice, for instance, an Indian who shot Sergt. Colebrook, was a regular miniature campaign.

In following Almighty Voice through the bluff, Sergt. Allen had his right arm badly shattered by a bullet, and Sergt. Raven was wounded in the thigh, and it was found that Almighty Voice had one or more companions with him. * * * Later in the day Corporal Hoskins and a few men with him, with two civilians who had turned up, rushed the bluff with disastrous results, Constable Kerr and one of the civilians, named Grundy, being killed, and Corporal Hoskins mortally wounded, dying a few hours later. The Indians had dug a deep pit in the thickest part of the bluff and shot them all from that point of vantage. A 9 pr. gun was sent for from Regina, and the bluff was shelled. Almighty Voice and the two men who were with him being killed by the fire.

What is most remarkable is that these encounters do not seem to have engendered any feeling of vindictiveness against the Indians as a race. Punishment is meted out to the individual, not because he is an Indian, but because he is a criminal; and the punishment is equally stern if the criminal be a white man. There is no trace of the race animosity which is so pronounced in nearly every country where a white race holds a colored race in subjection.

In Canada the police, from the first, seem to have regarded the Indians as a people of limited intelligence, especially intrusted to them to protect, to educate and to raise. The reports

all through show how carefully their officers take into consideration all the attendant circumstances. They do not adopt an abstract view, as though they were dealing with a civilized race; they weigh all the probable effects that will be produced by any course of action upon the mind of an Indian; and they make every allowance for an occasional relapse into savagery, and prepare beforehand to try to prevent it. Take, for instance, a passage in Inspector Moodie's report from Fort Graham in November, 1898:

There is no doubt that the influx of whites will materially increase the difficulties of hunting by the Indians, and those people, who, even before the rush, were often starving from their inability to procure game, will in future be in a much worse condition; and unless some assistance is given to them by the Indian Department they are very likely to take what they consider a just revenge on the white men who have come contrary to their wishes and scattered themselves over their country. When told that if they started fighting as they threatened it could only end in their extermination, the reply was: "We may as well die by the white men's bullets as by starvation." A considerable number of prospectors have expressed their intention of wintering in this neighborhood, and I think it would be advisable to have a detachment of police stationed here, as their presence would go far to prevent trouble.

No country has ever treated its native population in a more admirable way, and Canada may well be proud of her performance. Nevertheless, there is no boasting in these reports, no seeking for praise; they are an unemotional statement of duty undertaken and fulfilled. It is impossible to read them without feeling that the object the force has worked for so singlemindedly has been the prosperity and security of the country, and of all the peoples committed to its charge; and that the Canadian Government has not sacrificed the hope of the future for the advantage or for the revenge of the moment, but that its foremost thought has always been "Do what is right, let come what may."

The Persecution of the Poles.

By "POSEN."

(From the National Review.)

THE fresh outburst of strife regarding the language of religious instruction in the schools of that part of Poland which is governed by Prussia, marks the active renewal of the campaign against everything Polish which has for many years been carried on by the Prussian Government. The main features of that campaign are two—the acquisition of the land from Polish landowners by the agency of the Settlement Commission, and the suppression of the Polish language. In order that the present position may be understood by English readers, who cannot be expected to have the time or the opportunity for studying what for them is naturally a somewhat remote question, it is essential that we should briefly recall for their benefit some of the most important stages in the relations between the German and Polish elements in Prussian Poland from the time when, by the visitation of God, they were first joined together under one Government.

Among other guarantees given to the Polish people by the King of Prussia at the Treaty of Vienna in 1815, was a promise made to his new subjects that their annexation should not in any way entail the loss of their nationality; * * * "Your language," it was declared, "shall be used, together with the German, in all public transactions." In spite of this assurance, however, only a few years had elapsed when endeavors were made to banish the Polish

language from the Government offices and from all official correspondence.

In 1831 it was decreed that the language of all Government authorities must be German. In vain did the Poles appeal to the Royal guarantee—the language, which was that of the majority of the people in these provinces, was placed under disabilities, and its importance reduced to a minimum; this was the first humiliation inflicted on the Polish people.

The next act of oppression was the attempt to banish the influence of the Catholic Church from the schools which had been created and endowed by it. The grasping hand of the Prussian Government was again extended and the schools were made its own; the endowments were seized upon, notwithstanding the opposition of the whole Prussian Episcopate. The struggle for personal and civic freedom, which marked the middle of the nineteenth century, has resulted in Prussia in the limitation of the autocratic power of the monarch by constitutional checks. The relations of Church and State were then defined. The school in the Polish provinces was declared to be a Government Institution; but the religious teaching was left to the care of the different religious congregations of the Duchy of Posen. The mainstay of the schools was then the clergy, who had the general supervision of them and who controlled the appointment of religious teachers; but, as it aimed at diminishing the influence of the

Church, the Government gradually transferred the religious teaching to the hands of lay schoolmasters, prevented inspection by the clergy and forbade all supervision of the methods of religious instruction employed by the Government schoolmasters, so that for all practical purposes the rights of the Church to religious teaching, though guaranteed by the Constitution, may now be considered as nonexistent.

It has already been pointed out that, notwithstanding the solemnity of the royal promises in 1815, and though in 1841 it was again declared that "The praiseworthy attachment of all noble-minded peoples to their language, literature and historical traditions shall be honored and maintained among the Poles," the Polish language was excluded from Government offices. In the schools the case was somewhat different. By the ordinance of May 24, 1842, it was provided that in the Duchy of Posen instruction should be imparted principally in the language which was spoken by the majority of the pupils in the bilingual districts. This system continued in force for thirty years; but in 1872 the Prussian Government determined to abolish it for one more in keeping with the exaggerated feelings of pride and exaltation which had been inspired by the events of 1870-71. The laurels Prince Bismarck had won during his wars of conquest and his adoption of the motto, "La force prime le droit," prompted him to wage war with the whole Catholic Church throughout the German Empire in the Kulturkampf, and his example awoke similar ambitions in other Prussian ministers.

The Minister for Education, Falk, wished to make his name famous by some similar victory. It was declared that the excessive liberality of the system established by the ordinance of 1842 had led to results extremely alarming for Prussia. The German element, it was maintained, was being gradually absorbed; German children were forgetting their own language and

were becoming, to all intents and purposes, nothing other than Poles. A commission was, therefore, appointed to investigate the matter: and after it had reported, in the sense expected and desired, a new regulation was framed ordering that instruction in all subjects, except religion, should henceforward be given only in German. The Catechism could be taught either in Polish or German, and it was left to the lay schoolmasters to judge whether their scholars had a sufficient knowledge of German to be taught religion in that language.

The then Archbishop of Posen, Ledochowski, afterward Cardinal, protested energetically against this perversion of the true aims of religious training, and against the attempt to lower it to a mere medium for the practice of the German language. In those places where the local authorities, acting on the discretion permitted to them by the regulation, banished the Polish language as the medium of religious teaching, parents, anxious for the salvation of their children, conjointly with the Archbishop, implored the Government to discontinue these dangerous experiments. Meetings were held, parents submitted to the substitution of German for Polish in all secular subjects, and begged only for three or four hours a week, during which the Catechism might be taught in the mother tongue. The Government either gave no answer, or answered only by forcing the children to say their prayers in German, with the natural result that that language, taught with the aid of the rod, became more and more hateful to both parents and children.

During the whole period of the Kulturkampf, Polish deputies and members of the Clerical Centre endeavored to obtain the Polish language for the Polish population. Concessions or aggravations succeeded each other in turns, according to the changes of Ministry, thus making it evident that the settlement of a question of such supreme import-

ance was left principally to the personal judgment of each man in power. When the Kulturkampf was ended, though Church and State had come to an understanding, the banishment of the Polish language became general, not only where the population was a mixed one, but also where it was purely Polish, again causing the Archbishop of Posen, Mgr. Dinder, a German, to intercede for the Poles under his charge, and inducing him to call upon both clergy and laity to protest against measures so ill-advised.

When the present monarch, the Emperor William II., came to the throne, his deep religious feeling and love of humanity led him, at the representation of the present Archbishop of Posen, Mgr. Stablewski, who was appointed in 1892, and that of the Chancellor Caprivi, one of the most nobly-minded statesmen who ever lived, to introduce some more conciliatory measures, and for a while the state of affairs was somewhat bettered. But the policy inaugurated by Prince Bismarck had taken root too deeply to be easily eradicated. It was impossible that the trial of strength which resulted from the establishment of the hundred-million-mark fund and the Settlement Commission, the object of which was to increase the numbers of the German element by the State-aided purchase of land, should be confined to this one particular field of activity.

The Chauvinistic and Pan-German ambitions of the Hakenstarks aimed at nothing short of the total extinction of everything distinctively Polish, and of the assimilation of the Polish element by dispossession, by exclusion from office and by the abolition of their language. This party gradually succeeded in imparting to the internal policy of Prussia the direction they desired, and thus destroyed that seed of good will which had been sown by the monarch's benevolent hand. From the moment when this party definitely obtained the ascendancy, ever new measures have been taken to oppress

a people whose whole crime consists in being unable to forget that they are Poles, or to learn to lick the heel of the oppressor.

It will thus be seen that the present open strife is no mere transient outburst of discontent, but the natural and inevitable consequence of a long conflict which has never wholly ceased, though it has sometimes slumbered. The population of the Duchy of Posen was first aroused by the Kulturkampf. As a deeply religious and highly sensitive people they were wounded to the quick by the closing of their churches, and the arrest and imprisonment of their beloved Archbishop, Ledechowski, and a large number of priests; and the generation which had witnessed these acts of oppression continued, even after the Kulturkampf had ended in the victory of the Church, to cherish a feeling of resentment and indignation toward the State which had proved the enemy of their religion.

When at a later date the struggle again became acute the remembrance of past conflicts, together with the consciousness of fresh wrongs, threw them into open opposition to the Government. As to the children, worn out by unintelligible teaching, victims of the irascibility of their masters, from their very infancy they viewed with one feeling of hatred language, masters, system and State.

The battle which raged around the question of the language of religious instruction reached a climax in the year 1901. Although the regulation which prescribes that this language shall be German whenever, in the opinion of the teachers, the children are able to understand it has remained in force it has not always been applied with equal rigor. In the spring of 1901 an attempt was made to enforce it at the town of Wreschen, which met with open resistance on the part of the children. In order to compel their obedience both boys and girls were severely caned, and the indignation of the parents at this proceeding was so

fierce that some of them invaded the schoolhouse and endeavored to prevent the execution of the punishment. For this offense twenty-six persons were brought to trial in November and sentenced to periods of imprisonment of varying lengths.

The excitement caused by these sentences was so intense in all parts of Poland, that at Warsaw and Lemberg there were demonstrations before the German Consulates, and the question was debated in the Austrian and German Parliaments and in the Prussian Diet. Prince (then Count) Bülow made a long speech in the Prussian Diet in January, 1902, in which he stated that the present policy would be pursued, that larger sums would be voted for the acquisition of lands, and that, in a word, no concession would be made to the demands of the Poles for the right to preserve their language.

No hardships or persecutions have since then been spared the Polish people in this or in other respects. The Colonization Board continue to buy up Polish land with a capital formed partly of involuntary Polish contributions, dividing it subsequently among homeless, landless, uncultured people gathered from all parts of the world, from Transylvania and Ruthenia, from Russia and the Caucasus, and expelling the original owners. The Poles love their land, more perhaps than their own mothers, and the sight of those rich colonies scattered all over it, established out of their money, while they, the rightful owners of the soil, have no access to them, keeps constantly alive within them the bitter consciousness of injustice and wrong.

This Draconian law has now been supplemented by the prohibition to build even on land that has long been in the hands of Polish owners, who can scarcely be expected to feel respect for the laws when they themselves are being made outlaws. Further, the Germanizing of Polish names and surnames, the use of which is now punished by fines, the relentless Ger-

manizing, in spite of all protests, of the ancient Polish names of hundreds of localities, the punishments inflicted on children for the chance use of a Polish word in school, the vexatious interference even with the private life of the few remaining office-bearers of Polish origin, the boycotting of Polish tradesmen and craftsmen—all these petty persecutions are a constant source of irritation, a lash from which the shoulders of the Poles are continually smarting.

But, as though all this were not enough, the official and nonofficial Hakatist press constantly proposes new measures of oppression. This press is supported either by ambitious men anxious to rise by its help, or by paid agents who will do anything for gain, or by other unscrupulous individuals who, for one cause or another, are desirous to fish in the troubled waters of German patriotism. These different elements unite to form solid camarilla, strong through the influence of powerful supporters and the possession of large funds. It is they who are the leaders of opinion in the Prussian State in regard to the question of the "Eastern borders" (Ostmark), and who are the true inspirers of the decisions of the Government.

Some fifteen years ago, Baron Willamowitz, then Chief President of the province of Posen, a man of great ability, matured judgment and wide and liberal views, endeavored to bring about an understanding between the two races. His laudable intentions were frustrated by the above-described individuals, although he found that the Poles, for their part, were even then ready to forget the injuries that had been inflicted upon them.

There are, it is true, some indications that the danger of persisting in the present course is beginning to be realized. Here and there a warning voice is raised, and appeals are made to the central authorities; but God alone can tell how long it may be before the error is finally recognized. In the mean-

time, these mistakes are being constantly repeated. Hardly has one unjust measure been framed than another is proposed for consideration; and on the present political horizon a law for the expropriation of the Poles in favor of those colonists of whose nationality, faith and character nothing is known, even to the Settlement Commissioners themselves, is written in letters of fire a law such as is unknown to any Christian nation save during war and violent social disturbances. Yet, however incredible it may seem, this new scheme will probably find supporters who will be bold enough to exhibit it for the judgment of civilized Europe.

It will readily be conceived how, in the face of such systematic oppression and humiliation, the Polish element, troubled to the very depths of its soul, was ready to flame out into rebellion, especially when the Prussian mania of persecution laid violent hands on the deepest and holiest feelings of the Polish Catholics. Was not their faith the only remaining heirloom of their former splendor and freedom? Was it not to be treasured and loved? Was it not their solace in suffering, their sweetness in joy? Was life worth anything without their churches, without their holy pictures at home? And now the merciless Prussian Government stretches forth its ruthless hands to take from them even this.

What, then, will cheer them in the hard battle for the bare necessities of life, oppressed and anguished as they are? May not their children any longer learn in their own language the Catechism that was taught to their fathers? No great knowledge of psychology is needed to understand the feelings of an uncultured, hard-working people, who have no other thought but to support their families, and to earn their daily bread honestly and willingly, comforted in their trials by spiritual consolations. These feelings are outraged by the arbitrary action of the Prussian Government. How, then, can we wonder at the determination with

which they fight to be allowed to keep that one consolation in their very own language—not in that of a Government which has made itself loathsome to them from their very childhood?

The Government has turned a deaf ear to the tearful petitions which have been addressed to it again and again. It has recently decided to take fresh and energetic measures for the enforcement of the detested regulation regarding the language of religious instruction. And finding all their remonstrances of no avail, the Poles decided to accept the challenge that has been forced upon them, and to oppose the violence to which they are subjected by such means as are at their disposal. It was resolved that on October 17 a strike of school children should begin, and continue until its object had been attained. The children were told to return to their masters the German Catechism and Scripture-book that were given to them when the Government, justly suspecting that the parents would refuse to buy them, presented them free of charge. They were ordered not to answer when questioned during the German Scripture or Catechism lessons.

At first the Educational Board treated the matter lightly, thinking that the resistance would easily be put down. The result, however, has already proved that they miscalculated. Notwithstanding the severe measures taken against the children, opposition continues to grow stronger and stronger. Thrashings, threats, detention have proved quite unavailing to check the movement. At the present time about 70,000 children are taking part in the strike, and it is still spreading. This unforeseen event has filled the Educational Board with consternation; and the Central Authorities in Berlin, badly informed as to the circumstances, are quite at a loss what to do.

It is, of course, undeniable that the participation of children in this conflict is from many points of view most deplorable. It is only with extreme

reluctance that the leaders of Polish opinion have felt themselves constrained to sanction a form of protest of which the disadvantages are so obvious; and they have done so only after having exhausted all the milder methods of remonstrance at their disposal. It was not until long experience and repeated disappointments had convinced them that their innumerable petitions were merely so much waste paper that they at length consented to take so extreme a step.

It is impossible to leave this subject without some reference to the part played by the Archbishop, Mgr. Stablewski. As head of the Church in Posen it has been inevitable that he should look to for guidance in this crisis of the religious life of the people committed to his charge; and his pastoral letters issued in October, 1905 and 1906, have been carefully framed with a view to diminish friction and, if possible, to find some peaceful solution for the problem, as, for instance, by the suggestion that the religious instruction of the children should be supplemented by the parents themselves in their own homes. The Archbishop's long experience of the struggle between Church and State has eminently qualified him for the difficult task. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies at the time of the Kulturkampf, a friend of Windhorst, the famous leader of the Clerical Centre, who prized his quick wit and sound judgment accompanied as they were by a sincere and undisguised desire for friendly relations with the Prussian State.

Mgr. Stablewski, however, could not but foresee the inevitable consequences of the systematic oppression of the Polish population, and he warned the Government in the Chamber of the dangers involved in the course they were pursuing. His appointment as Archbishop of Posen was looked upon as a victory of justice and good sense over passion and prejudice; but, owing to the intrigues of the "Hakatist" party

the hopes that were then formed have not been realized, nay, the conflict has even become more embittered.

In the question of school-teaching, and especially of religious teaching, the Archbishop has constantly memorialized the Prussian authorities in defense of the rights of the Church; and has warned them that no State, however powerful, can lightly afford to incur the permanent hostility of a border population consisting of no less than three millions of people. Unhappily these repeated attempts to represent the situation in its true light have at the end of fourteen years remained without effect, with the result that the Poles have even begun to lose confidence in their Church and their clergy, and have accused them of selling their children to their persecutors.

When at last it became evident that the indignation of the people could no longer be contained, Archbishop Stablewski endeavored to calm the excited feelings of his flock by addressing to them an appeal in which he assured them of his entire sympathy with their claims, telling them of his own endeavors to defend the Polish language as the medium of religious teaching, and exhorting them to repair the damage done by recourse to prayer, and by completing the children's instruction in their churches and in their own homes. This conciliatory appeal, quite in harmony with the standpoint of the German bishops and clergy in Silesia (who, not long ago, made a petition—in which their parishioners joined—for the recognition of the Polish language), was received with visible marks of approbation by all the faithful, and even by the liberal German circles. The Government alone, together with the Hakatists, received this pronouncement with an indignation which showed that they were far from expecting this public expression of disapprobation of their policies, after having systematically and for so long striven to enfeeble the authority of the Church.

The present situation can thus be defined. The Government will not go back upon its former attitude, notwithstanding the expostulations of its more far-sighted advisers. Indeed, Prince Bülow has publicly declared that his motto in this matter is that of Bismarck—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*—or, on the other hand, neither the ecclesiastical authorities nor the people will relinquish what both alike regard as the most sacred of rights. The struggle must, therefore, continue, if it were only on religious grounds; for their religion is the real stronghold of the people. It is difficult for an unprejudiced onlooker to understand the workings of the minds of Prussian statesmen.

A RIVERSIDE INCIDENT.

By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

Cool twilight comes with close of day:
At the stream's edge th' young otters play—
Two happy wildlings, Nature's own—
Now clambering on the river stone,
Whence, with the deep stream's even flow,
One, like a drown'd thing, lets him go;
Whilst, from a tree's o'erhanging limb,
His brother, crouching, watches him,—
Then springs afoot in swift diversion,
As bent on some far night excursion—
In wild variety of play.
Like those whose life's all holiday!

Play! Profit by the brief, careless hour
Which to your kind is Nature's dower,
Ere baying hound and huntsman's cry
Shall tell the time is come to die;
Nor fear lest we your secret den
To curious, maybe cruel, men
Divulge! Ye have few foes to dread—
Few list, like us, this path to tread,
Where tangled growth and hidden root
Oft strike or trip the wanderer's foot,
While pitfalls, slime, and river-wrecks
Often his onward course perplex.

In Hanover.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

EVEN literature itself is not exempt from the tyranny of fashion in this world of ours, where we are told that there is no new thing under the sun, but where, nevertheless, our one idea seems to be the filling of our little earthly span with as much change and variety as possible. In our grandparents' youth, Italy and everything connected with it, its language, its manners, were considered the *ne plus ultra* of good society. Later on we abandoned the study of the Italian language, along with the pointed Italian handwriting of our ancestors; we began to learn French, have our clothes made in Paris (if we could afford it), and peruse in our leisure moments the works of Sand, De Musset and Zola in the original (if we were able).

The reaction soon set in. We returned to Nature, at least in our literature. Lured on by the example of many talented ladies, we studied the ancient herbalists, read gardening books, tilled the soil, and who knows how many of us at this very moment are not preparing works of priceless value for the public press relating our experiences in the doing of it? And this wave of gardening activity has had at least one good effect: it has drawn our attention away from France and Italy, charming countries as these are, and opened our eyes to the fact that something interesting may be found in Germany, a country hitherto almost unexplored, and, therefore, condemned as being hopelessly dull and commonplace.

Those of us who dwell in the Fatherland, and have a mind to appreciate its humors as well as a heart to love it dearly, owe a debt of gratitude to the fascinating Elizabeth, whose "German Garden" has drawn British attention to the fact that a land lies near at hand where many a delightful holiday may be spent without encroaching on the well-beaten tracks by the Rhine and through the Black Forest. But it is not my intention to dwell on the charms of German travel. I only wish to write a little appreciation of a land which ought to be specially interesting to us as the cradle of the royal race which now reigns over Great Britain—Hanover, a land too little visited, too little known in story or in song, but inferior in interest and association to no other German province.

The Hanoverians are more sympathetic toward the English than is the rest of the Empire. They feel that, having given us their race of kings, there is a bond of union between us and them; and at every turn one is reminded of the intercourse there used to be between the countries by the prevalence of English names over the shop doors in towns and villages. Doubtless Grocer Waring, Butcher Russell and Draper Lewis, German subjects though they be, are yet originally descended from some hardy British soldier who, straying over here in the wake of a Hanoverian master, was struck by the charm of the place, and stayed on. There is something English, too, in the character of the people: a certain

hardy independence often very nearly allied to obstinacy, a disregard of outward opinion, a steady pursuit of a course to the attainment of an end—all qualifications which we like to believe are natural and inherent to our insular selves.

But there are few of us who stop to think what manner of men those be who dwell under the high-gabled roofs which we see peeping through here and there among the trees as the Flushing or Hook of Holland express bears us on our way toward the sea. We look out of the window at the long expanses of purple heath and distant forest which we are told is Hanover; we probably remark to our neighbor or our vis-a-vis, "Very uninteresting country this," before shutting out the view with the large pages of a week-old "Times"; and yet it is quite worth our while to sojourn for a space on these moors, and learn to know the dwellers thereon.

The house of a Hanoverian Bauer (or peasant-proprietor) will seem very strange to English eyes. The low walls are made of black oak beams and whitewashed plaster, and the disproportionately high roof is of red tiles. The beams along the front of the house are generally elaborately carved with texts, mottoes, dates and names, as in the old English houses in Chester. It is no unusual thing to find the family of to-day bearing the same name as the original builder of the house some centuries ago. In many cases they are really descended from the founder; in others the new possessors have taken on the family name along with the property. Some of the carved texts are curiously applied. Over one door the writer saw the words of St. John, x. 9, in Old German, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Another farm called Nobis had the punning motto, "Si Deus pro Nobis, Quis contra Nobis?" but in the majority of cases the texts are as stereotyped as those in the ordinary churchyard at home. The width

and height of the door admit of the passage of a wagon loaded with hay. Driving in, we find ourselves in a vast and dimly lighted space. High above our heads is a hay loft; on our right several cows are looking at us with the contemplative gaze common to cows of every nationality; on our left the horses are rattling their chains. Proceeding farther, we reach the kitchen. No barrier or partition separates the family from its animals.

It affords the Hanoverian Bauer much extra satisfaction in his meals to be able, during their consumption, to gaze undisturbed on his possessions. The cooking is done on a large open hearth, the back of the fireplace being generally a carved iron plate.

But, alas! the hand of the curio dealer has fallen heavily upon Hanover and only in very remote villages are the original old plates still to be found. A good collection of them is in the Museum at Osnabrück, the birthplace of George I., prettiest and quaintest of little towns. They are always more or less rude representations of scriptural subjects; the Hanoverian peasant, whether Catholic or Protestant—and the two religions claim an almost equal number of adherents—is ever loyal and devoted to Mother Church.

The sitting room and sleeping rooms open from the kitchen, the sleeping apartments being always next the part of the building allotted to the cows and horses. Many of them still contain the curious box beds, built into a recess in the wall, with a sliding shutter at the back. This, on being pushed aside, reveals all the inhabitants of the stable, and enables the careful Bauer to leap straight from his slumbers into their midst should any of them require his attention during the night. A shutter in front closes in the bed from the room, and leads one to marvel how the sleeper escapes asphyxiation. These shutters are often of carved oak, black with age, and, like the fire plates, are rapidly becoming the prey of the collector.

There are little windows all along the walls of the house on every side. Each cow and horse has its own casement, and the effect of the row of faces looking out enjoying the fresh air at such times when they are confined under the common roof is irresistibly comical. The windows in the kitchen are unique, but seem at first sight to fail in the primal purpose of windows, for they are not made to open, and each one consists of nine or ten small panes of richly colored glass which almost exclude the light; but a closer acquaintance with the construction of a Hanoverian Hof reveals sliding shutters underneath which admit both light and air. The windows above are much too precious to be exposed to the ordinary risks incurred in opening and shutting; they are a sort of family tree containing a record of the house since its foundation. In the olden days the artisans who aided in the construction of the house each presented a little pane for the windows of the completed building.

The first window generally contains the portrait of the founder and his wife, their names and date, and around them all the artisans are depicted, each holding in his hand the tool peculiar to his craft, after the manner of the saints and their distinguishing attributes in medieval art. In the second window the wedding of the heir is protrayed; that is to say, he and the bride are in the center, while on their right are the panes given by the groomsmen, on the left those given by the bridesmaids, the name and date beneath each. The groomsmen always prance on fiery steeds, while the maidens hold brimming cups of wine toward them. As works of art their value is not great; as family records they must be almost priceless.

These windows are all of comparatively remote date, and only exist in the older houses, for the custom became such a craze that one severe old eighteenth century bishop at last lifted up his voice against it, and made a

law that any one accepting the present of a pane should pay a fine, and so it gradually fell into disuse. I have not met with this pretty custom in any other country, but some of the Hanoverian aristocracy are now beginning to revive it. It is a fanciful notion, but as an artistic and permanent visitors' book in country houses has much to recommend it.

If one is lucky and finds an absolutely unspoiled old house, there will be many curious pieces of furniture in the living rooms. The old carved wooden salt box of gigantic size hangs on the wall next to the little round cask which is filled with hot water on cold winter nights and used as a warming pan in the Bauer's bed. Queer wooden stands, painted all over with quaint little birds, hold the long spoons for stirring the soup in the pan, and sometimes the carved chest which once contained the trousseau of a sixteenth century bride still stands in the ingle-nook. It is commoner, however, to find these latter degraded from their high estate and used to hold the horses' oats in the stable. But all such curiosities become rarer year by year.

A friend of the writer once advertised for a married coachman, but found that the applicant for the situation who pleased him best was a bachelor. "But," said Count A., "my coachman must be married. You ought not to have applied for the place." "Oh, that is easily managed," said the coachman. "How long will you give me to get married?" "Till the end of October," said the Count. "Very well," replied the coachman, and disappeared. Next day he turned up again. "It's all right," he said with a beaming smile. "I am engaged. We are to be married early in October, and my mother-in-law has promised to come and live with us. She is a splendid worker, and so we shall save the expense of a servant."

A wedding among the peasants is, on the whole, rather a paying thing for the parents of the bride. They are ex-

pected to provide a substantial repast; but as each guest leaves a thaler (three shillings) under his plate at the conclusion of the feast there is generally a wide margin of profit. In an old book relating to past and gone Hanoverian laws, the chapter on weddings is full of unconscious humor. The number of guests among the higher class of peasants is never to exceed eighty, among the lower twenty. All superfluity of eating or drinking and lounging until late at night is strictly forbidden. The wedding presents must either be wrapped in paper or placed on a tray under a cloth, so that one guest may not see what another gives. Public counting of gifts or naming of the givers is forbidden under a penalty of ten thalers or ten days' imprisonment on bread and water.

In Hanover the festivities nowadays last from midday till dawn on the following day, and night is rendered hideous for miles round the scene by the detonating rockets which are sent off at intervals of a few minutes all the time. At spring weddings and Church festivals the door of the house is decorated by having a small birch tree in full leaf placed on either side of it. When a whole street is thus adorned the effect is charming; but one cannot help feeling a pang of sorrow for all the little birch trees torn so rudely from their native soil.

There is poetry as well as prose in the Hanoverian character. Wherever we go we find fanciful legends still dwelling in the mind of the oldest inhabitant and being handed down to posterity. If a group of children gather round us by the wayside, it is easy to gain their confidence and get them to repeat some of the pretty fairy tales which granny tells them on the winter evenings, when they sit spinning round the fire.

The children have to work very hard, poor little souls! After school hours they are rarely seen at play. A great many odd jobs have to be done at home before they strap on their little hide

satchels, jump into their sabots, and clatter off to their lessons; and often they are kept at work till long after they ought to be in bed. "I was working at the sausage machine till twelve last night, said one little fair-haired girl, with a yawn; "but, oh, didn't I make up for it this morning! I didn't get up till six!" And she looked up wide-eyed with astonishment at her own unheard-of laziness.

But, hard-working as they are, they are healthy, sturdy little things. Orphanages are not needed anywhere outside the towns in Hanover. When any child has the misfortune to lose its parents, or not to have a legal right to any at all, many willing hands and hearts are ready to care for it. There is always one or more such adopted children in a Hanoverian homestead, treated in every way as members of the family, without any thought of reward or payment. Should there be a scarcity of food or raiment, the little adopted one is thought of first of all, the children of the house afterward. But, on the whole, the Hanoverian peasants are well-to-do. In the district best known to the writer poverty—real grinding poverty such as one sees in England—is unknown, and the local poorhouse has only one inmate, perishing of ennui.

The children are fond of telling how they came into this workaday world; but sometimes their ideas differ on this point. In some places they tell how there is a lake away up in the mountains, "The Lake of the Little Children," and from there the torrent rolls them down, down the hillside till they come to the spring outside the village, where they bubble up to the top. If you want a little brother you must go and gaze down into the water, and perhaps, if you look long enough, you will see his baby-face peering up at you.

But more generally they believe in the dear familiar stork, who picks a tiny infant up out of the lake as he would a frog, and flies away with it to the house where it is wanted, and

there drops it, never forgetting to peck the mother so severely in the leg that she has to stay in bed for many days.

On the other side of the village, away out upon the moor, there is another lake; but no kind stork visits it, and if you are obliged to pass on the way to school, then you must cross yourself and hurry quickly by, for down in its deep recesses dwells the devil himself. It has always been his favorite haunt ever since long before the birth of Christ our Saviour, and for hundreds of years he has had with him down there the unconsecrated bells of Dalme Church. For, when the first missionaries of the new gospel wandered into Hanover, and churches began to arise here, there, and everywhere, the devil was naturally very much annoyed, and what annoyed him most of all was the ringing of the bells.

The master-builder had prepared two beautiful bells for the new church of Dalme-on-the-Moor, and on Christmas Eve they were hanging all ready in the new belfry. But the devil had determined that they should never ring there, and in the night he came with wind and storm, tore them down, and plunged them into his pond, where they lie to this day. If the people of Dalme had only had the bells christened before putting them up they would have been quite safe.

In Protestant and Catholic villages alike the confirmation of a child is the great day of its youth. The ceremony takes place when it is between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and generally just before Whitsunday, on which day the child receives its first communion. At the confirmation the clergyman gives to each child a text from the Bible, known as its Denkspruch, which is to serve as its motto through life. In most cases the children have attended Bible-classes for some two years previously, so that their pastor has been able to acquire a more than superficial knowledge of each separate character. He is thus easily able to select a text which will

be helpful to it through life. This custom of having one verse specially chosen from the Bible to be your own is a very charming one. Those words given at confirmation must often have helped many a struggling soul in some dark hour of sin or trouble, when he has felt "much farther off from heaven than when he was a boy." In many cases the Denkspruch is carved upon the tombstone, an appropriate memorial of him who lies beneath.

At funerals the peasants conduct themselves with the utmost propriety. In silence they assemble at the house of the dead; in silence they accompany him to his last resting-place; in silence they return to their own homes. They are not a morbid people, and only on one occasion did I encounter an old lady who, in her love of funerals and deathbeds, was almost worthy to be a Scottish peasant. The thought of death was an ever-present one with her, and for some twenty years before her decease she kept several fine oak-planks in her wardrobe to be ready for the construction of her coffin! "Our family has never been buried in anything but oak," she was wont to say with pride, "and I could never rest quietly in my grave if my coffin were made of deal."

She was a strange mixture of the spiritual and the material, one of the last living retainers of an old family, who passed on with the property when the noble race died out and the estate was sold. Although in course of time she became much attached to her new master and mistress, she never forgot the old ones, and it was a comfort to her to think that their ghosts haunted the house and grounds. "I heard the gnadige Frau's high-heeled shoes on the stairs last night," she would say. "The place will be all right as long as she is keeping an eye upon things." That one who had such a simple faith in the unseen world of spirits could yet cherish anxiety as to the material of her coffin is a testimony to the amount of strange contradictions that go to make up the human character.

Electoral Reform in Austria.

(From the *Spectator*.)

DECEMBER 1st, 1906, will be remembered as one of the landmarks of Austrian history. On that day the Reichsrath passed in second and third reading a bill of electoral reform which transcends in importance all measures which have been submitted to it since Austria's exclusion from the German Confederation forty years ago. Since last February, when Baron Gautsch's original scheme of universal suffrage was laid before the house, electoral reform has advanced step by step towards its final triumph, and has been accompanied by a revival of the Austrian Parliament, for which few persons even in Vienna were prepared. The crisis evoked by the Hungarian attitude last June rallied all parties and races in Austria to a common cause, and the first fruits of this dawning unity of purpose are to be found in the long negotiations which marked the committee stage of the bill. At last the possibility of national compromise has been subjected to practical tests, and the result is a project of mutual concession, which contains the germ of reconciliation between the different races of the Cisleithian Empire.

The new bill, like all schemes of electoral reform, has its imperfections, but it represents an enormous advance upon all previous systems in Austria. Reform has hitherto proceeded on lines of irresolute and half-hearted compromise, and the result has been a veritable tangle of anomalies and contradictions. The Reichsrath has till now

been preeminently a parliament of privilege (*Interessenparlament*), framed originally in imitation of the provincial diets; and each piecemeal revision aimed at preserving special privileges for those classes which had enjoyed a predominant position under the old regime. The voters were divided into four distinct curiae,—the great landowners, the chambers of commerce, the towns, and the country districts; and in 1896, when the movement in favor of universal suffrage first asserted itself with any effect, the agitation was silenced by the addition of a fifth curia elected by universal suffrage. This innovation stultified the whole existing system, which henceforth rested on two diametrically opposed principles,—class interests and democratic representation. Its absurd injustice can best be summed up in tabular form as follows:

In Curia C..	556	voters elect	21	dep's
" A..	5,431	"	85	"
" B..	493,804	"	118	"
" D..	1,585,466	"	129	"
" E..	5,004,222	"	72	"

No pretence at uniformity existed, and it depended upon the curia and upon the province in which a man voted whether he recorded his vote orally or by ballot, and directly or through deputy voters (*Wahlmänner*). The constituencies are cut up arbitrarily, and electoral regulations vary according to provinces. In the Tirol they are manipulated so as to silence the Italians; in Galicia, to secure the predominance of the Schlachta; in Trieste, to give the large merchants the chief

influence; in Dalmatia the Italian element is favored to keep the Slavs in check; in Bohemia and Moravia the landed nobles hold the balance; while in Vienna the suburbs are still punished by inadequate representation for the prominent part which they played in the Revolution of 1848.

This system, with all its inequalities, will be swept away bodily, and in its place universal and direct manhood suffrage will be introduced for all over twenty-four, the Austrian Chamber thus becoming one of the most democratic on the Continent. A necessary, more questionable, sequel to this is the removal of the restriction of the franchise to those who can read or write. (In 1900 over nine million persons in a population of twenty-six millions could not read or write, so that this restriction would have kept one-third of the population unenfranchised.) Only one qualification for the franchise still survives,—a year's residence in the district where the vote is to be recorded. Voting is no longer to be by public declaration, but by ballot, and a number of provisions (though with some dangerous omissions) are made to prevent corruption and ensure publicity. The elections in the whole Empire are to be on one day; there is to be a polling place in every parish (*Ortsgemeinde*); and an absolute majority is required, thus avoiding the abuses of our triangular elections.

The weak feature of the bill lies in the special situation created for Galicia, and the consequent unfair treatment of the Ruthenes. Under the new system of distribution in this province, it is calculated that the Poles will be in a majority in seventy-eight seats, the Ruthenes only in twenty-eight; while, if the population were taken into account, the Ruthenes should obtain something like fifteen additional seats at the expense of the Poles. This was unhappily inevitable—at all events, for the time being—since the ministry was not strong enough to pass the bill without the help of the Polish party,

whose attitude is determined by Polish national sentiment and the class interests of the Galician nobles, and which would therefore have been alienated by further concessions to the Ruthenes. There is little doubt that the new Parliament will be the scene of a struggle between the Polish and Ruthene elements, which will in the long run prove fatal to the preponderance of the "Polish Club" in Austrian politics.

But by far the most important feature of the Reform bill is the attempt to supersede the old system of "electoral geometry," and to create a racial or linguistic basis for each separate electoral division. This is the sole effective means of ensuring the protection of national minorities, assaults upon whose existence have been the great source of friction between the various racial elements of Austria. So long as public life remains a fierce struggle for the mastery between rival races, political paralysis must ensue.

A better state of affairs can never be reached until "Live and let live" has been adopted as the only possible motto for a State so complex as the Austrian Empire. A genuine effort in this direction has been made in the present bill, which secures political representation to the Slovene minorities in Carinthia and Istria, to the Germans of Gottschee in Carniola, and even to isolated Czech and German communities in Bohemia, though it is true the Italians of Dalmatia and the Poles of Bukowina have been left to their fate. No more hopeful sign can be imagined than the compromise adopted by the majority of the House, despite the protests of both Germans and Czechs, regulating the proportion of seats to be assigned to these racial rivals in Bohemia and Moravia.

Here, then, we are faced with the fundamental difficulty presented by all schemes of Austrian electoral reform. Class privileges are swept away, and all citizens are admitted to political rights. But a division of seats solely on the basis of population cannot be

conceded without destroying the character of the Austrian State and dealing a deathblow to the historic rights of its component parts. The new bill, though reflecting some of the prejudices of its makers, recognizes this general principle, and the safeguards which are devised to impede redistribution render it probable that the representation of the various races in Parliament will be stereotyped for many years to come. To arrive at the agreement a large increase of seats (from four hundred and twenty-five to five hundred and sixteen) was inevitable, but it cannot be said to have swelled the house to an unwieldy size.

It is characteristic of Austria that the great reform has come half from below, through a spontaneous movement of the masses, and half from above, through the direct and open advocacy of the monarch. Its first effect, therefore, should be to strengthen the ties of affection which link the dynasty to its peoples, and to leave the house of Hapsburg more truly than ever "broad-based upon a people's will." Its effect upon the position of parties in Austria is a matter which defies all forecast, though important changes may be regarded as certain.

One factor in the situation, however, is clear from the outset. The Germans, who have long since lost the absolute majority in the Reichsrath, will be in an increased minority in the new house —two hundred and twenty-three as against two hundred and eighty-three non-Germans. Not that these figures represent very much, for the disruptive tendencies which have in past years been so fatal to German predominance in Austria are only too likely to survive, even if in a milder form, while everything points to cleavage and dissension among the hitherto solid ranks of the Czechs and Poles. Substantial gains may be prophesied for the Christian Socialist Party, under the leadership of that able demagogue, Dr. Lueger, and for the German Clericals,

whose influence cannot fail to be strong in a house so representative of agriculture.

The party of great landowners (Grossgrundbesitz) disappears automatically, and there is every hope that the Pan-German Party, whose outrageous behavior in Parliament has so often eclipsed the Mahdi's supporters in our own, will share the same fate. Nor is it likely that the Socialists will greatly gain in strength, since the one year's residence clause will probably tell against them. Signs are not wanting that the days of the Young Czech Party are over, and the recent elections to the Moravian Diet seem to foreshadow victories to the Czech Radicals. The Poles will return in larger numbers than ever; but the Ruthenes, who have been made the scapegoats of the bill, will at least be numerous enough to make their complaints heard and to carry some weight in a division.

Thus we may find the German element grouped mainly in two rival camps—the Progressives, or Old Liberals, and the Clericals, reinforced by the Christian Socialists—and their rivalry may deflect Parliament's attention to the many pressing social reforms which await solution in Austria to-day. In the words of one of their most distinguished leaders, the new Parliament will not be a heaven for the Germans, but if they adopt an intransigent policy, it may become a hell. In any case, the real hope for the future lies in the growing prospect of cleavage on political and social rather than on racial grounds. As the present bill is based on an effort to reduce racial friction to a minimum, there are solid reasons for hoping that national feeling may in the course of a few years lose some of its intensity. By giving the people as a whole a direct interest in electoral results, such as they have never previously enjoyed, a decided step is taken towards substituting a national for a provincial patriotism.

The Warriors of the Waters.*

By J.-H. ROSNY.

IV.

THE NYMPHEAN LAKE.

THE lake, which extended for miles and miles, was dotted with islands that were bordered with gigantic water lilies and thickly covered with flowers, grasses, bushes and trees. We were being propelled toward one of these islands. Our distrust had vanished with the drowsy, morbid vapors of the swamps. We breathed in health and vigor with the full power of our lungs, and our hearts expanded with hope and the poetry of the lake.

The raft stopped at the point of a promontory and the Man of the Waters emerged and signed to us to follow him. We did so, and witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. On the shore a score of human beings were assembled, old and young, men and women, youths, maidens and little children. All were of a viridescent tint, with smooth skin, carbuncle eyes, violet lips and hair like barbed lichens.

At sight of us the children, young men and girls and a tall old man came running up and crowded around us, uttering croaking, batrachian cries and displaying an hilarious vivacity. More Men of the Waters emerged from the lake, and we found ourselves surrounded by this aquatic population, who appeared not only very human, but in their general features resembled the white race more closely than do certain terrestrial races. Even their greenish hue and the oily moisture of

their skins were not displeasing to contemplate. The young people were of a pale green like that of nascent vegetation in springtime; the old people were of a deeper shade, like the velvety green of moss or of lotus leaves. Many of the girls were really prepossessing with their slender waists, tapering extremities and finely chiseled features.

It would be impossible for me to attempt to describe our wonderment. It was all like a delicious dream, and to the emotion of the captain and myself was added the pride of savants: what discovery had ever been made comparable to this? Here we found realized, shorn of all the mythical scaffolding of our ancestors, one of the most attractive traditions of every nation. Just as the gorilla, orang-outang and chimpanzee had justified the fiction of fauns and satyrs, so did the people before us transform into a visible, tangible reality the world-old legend of mermen and mermaids. What rendered our discovery especially and immeasurably valuable was that these people were real men and women and not merely anthropomorphous.

The first impression of astonishment passed, I experienced a kind of mystical intoxication which I observed was shared by Sabine and her father.

Our rescuer led us to a grove of ash trees, where there were a number of huts. Aquatic birds waddled about the place, ducks, swans and waterfowl, evidently domesticated. Fresh eggs and a grilled perch were brought to us, and

*Translated from the French by John W. Harding for THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

after we had satisfied our hunger we returned to the shore.

The weather was warm, and all the afternoon we followed the movements of the Men of the Waters. They swam about like great frogs, dived and disappeared. Then a head would emerge and its owner would leap on to the island. Moved by the happiness of their double life I continued to examine them with absorbing curiosity, seeking to discover some organ of adaptation which enabled them to remain so long under water; but save that I perceived they were gifted with great thoracic capacity there was no indication that could enlighten me upon this point.

A group of them kept us company the whole afternoon, trying to converse with us and treating us with the greatest kindness. Notwithstanding the attraction these strange beings had for us, however, we resolved to leave the next morning, though we proposed to return as soon as possible after communicating with our men. In view of the superior interest of our discovery the captain had given up his idea of seeking a southwest passage.

But destiny compelled us to modify our plans. In the night I was aroused by Devreuse who informed me that Sabine was ill. I jumped up and went to her. In the feeble light of an ash torch I saw my dear fiance was shivering with fever. In great alarm I examined her and was thankful to find that she was in no particular danger.

"Is it serious?" questioned Devreuse.

"No, a few days' rest and quietness will set her up again."

"How many days?"

"Ten."

"Not less?"

"Not a day."

An expression of helplessness came over his face and he said:

"Robert, I can confide your fiance to you. I have no doubt that I shall be able to persuade the men to wait a couple of months, and you can expect me back by the end of the week."

He spoke with considerable agitation, and after a pause went on:

"Besides, if the weeks I purpose to pass among these extraordinary people do not suffice, we can organize another expedition. We have plenty of time. I will resign my commission, if necessary, so that I can spend years in pursuing my discoveries. All the more reason why I should not abandon my men."

"But," I protested, "it is I who ought to go and tell them."

"Not at all. Your care as a medical man is indispensable to Sabine. I should be of no more help to her than a log."

He placed both hands on my shoulders as he added:

"Is that not so?"

"I am at your orders," I replied.

Sabine, though a little delirious, had perfectly well understood what we had been saying. She raised herself on her elbow.

"I shall be strong enough to go with you, father," she exclaimed.

"Little girl," said Devreuse authoritatively, "what you have got to do is to obey the doctor. I shall be back in six days, and I shall have done my duty. Do you presume to prevent me?"

Sabine, cowed, made no reply, and for a time nobody spoke. Then the girl began to shiver from the fever again and finally fell into an agitated slumber, while I watched beside her in the feeble light of the torch. I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by the captain.

"You are quite sure it is not dangerous?" he insisted.

"In medical cases one can never be quite sure, you know."

"But as far as it is possible for you to tell?"

"I have every reason to believe that she will be well and about again in a fortnight."

"Then I will start this very morning."

I knew that he had made up his mind and did not therefore attempt to

dissuade him. Accordingly, a few hours later he set out upon his journey.

Sabine's illness was even less serious than I had supposed. In three days she was convalescent and able to get up for a few hours. The weather was charming, and the beauty of the island and lake seemed to increase as we became familiar with them. Our lacustrine hosts manifested the utmost sympathy and did everything they possibly could to help us.

The week passed and the girl had almost completely recovered, but she became very anxious, for there was no sign of the captain. One afternoon, seated on the shore, I was consoling her as best I could, but with indifferent success.

"I am afraid something has happened to him," she kept repeating.

I was at a loss what to say when a shadow was thrown in front of us and looking over my shoulder I saw that the Man of the Waters, who had rescued us, and with whom we were on especially friendly terms, was approaching. He smiled and pointed to a large cinder-colored swallow, peculiar to those regions, which he held in his hand, and which, when he came up, he gave to me.

"What is it?" demanded Sabine.

I noticed a little quill tube tied to its breast. It contained a piece of tissue paper, tightly rolled.

"It is a letter from your father."

I read it aloud. It ran:

"Have arrived. Leg dislocated by fall. Nothing serious, but am detained. Don't be uneasy and wait for me where you are. Don't quit the island."

Sabine burst into tears, while I marveled that the captain should have thought to take the bird with him. A smile from the Man of the Waters made me suspect that the idea did not originate with Devreuse. Sabine's distress continued.

"It is not dangerous, dear," I assured her, "only his leg put out. He won't feel anything of it in a week or two."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

The Man of the Waters had disappeared. Sabine had ceased to weep, but she was very mournful. I put my arm round her neck and comforted her. Her eyes, blue as the heavens above us, gazed gratefully into mine, and, despite our tribulations, I never experienced a more blissful moment.

V.

THE INHABITANTS OF THE LAKE.

The days went by, and we became more and more attached to the lake and its wonders. We visited the islands upon it in company with our amphibious friends. Troops of youths and maidens pushed our raft along and sported around it in the transparent water. We rested on cool banks in the shade of weeping willows or of tall poplars.

But our hosts themselves, whom we began to know, and with whom we were now able to exchange a few words, were the superior charm of this delightful existence. Let me hasten to say, however, that it was they who picked up these words from us. We were unable to catch a single word of their language, our ears being powerless to analyze the sounds by which they communicated among themselves.

Their manners were very simple. They had no notion of family life. The population of the lake amounted to about twelve hundred persons, as far as I was able to estimate. Men and women reared all the children without distinction, and we never saw one child neglected.

Their habitations were of wood, covered with branches and moss. They were erected principally as shelters during the winter, for there appeared to be no use for them in summer. All food was cooked in the open air. It consisted merely of fish, eggs, mushrooms and a few wild vegetables. They did not eat their domestic animals, or in fact any warm-blooded creature. We saw they were disgusted when we partook of the flesh of fowl

or animal, and accordingly restricted ourselves to their food, and uncommonly well it agreed with us.

They possessed a few weapons, among them a helicoid harpoon which they were able not only to send skimming on the water in a straight line, but also in a series of curves, and cause to return to them like an Australian boomerang. They employed them to capture big fish. The fish in the lake were the most cunning and difficult to approach I ever saw. The presence of marine man among them had doubtless in course of time rendered them so. Our hosts had succeeded in taming some. These they never touched, though they collected their eggs. On the other hand, they were keen hunters of pike and perch.

Their industries were not complex, and, indeed, their mode of life, the simplicity of their material needs, afforded little scope for the development of handicrafts. They knew something about the potter's art, and elementary carpentering. They used no metals, but a sort of very hard nephrite, out of which they fashioned harpoons, saws, axes and knives.

Their existence was more poetical than practical. Never have I met with a people more free from cares, encumbrances and possessions. They seemed to have retained the elements of happiness and set aside all vain suffering. Not that they were indolent. They adored exercise, swam great distances till they were exhausted, and like the natural denizens of the water were ever restless. Unlike savages, who indulge in prolonged spells of laziness after engaging in the excitement of the chase, they appeared to be indefatigable. But their activity had no productive aim. It was induced by a pure love of movement. They swam, sported and leaped as other people repose. Apart from an occasional hunting expedition in the water, solely after carnivorous fish, they moved for the sake of moving.

I watched them solve miraculous

problems of movement, a variety of attitudes and lines, and in comparison the suppleness of the swallow or salmon was clumsy. Their games were a continual deployment of art—swimming dances, complex and suggestive ballets. Seeing them darting, turning screws around each other, twisting, thirty at a time, in a whirlpool caused by their own gyrations, one could but feel that they were endowed with a sense of dynamic, of muscular thought unknown to other human beings.

They were especially admirable in the moonlight. I witnessed fetes under the water so beautiful, so dreamy, consisting of evolutions so varied that I can compare them to nothing in this world.

When the people were assembled in any number, these fetes were accompanied by a strange and delicious phenomenon. The lake agitated in rhythm with the ballet emitted a euphonious sound. It was a sweet, soft murmuring, a harmonious whispering, an indescribable melopoeia that brought tears of exaltation to our eyes. It recalled the fabulous legends of antiquity. It reminded me of the seductive voices of the sirens heard by the navigators of old. It may have been these voices, to which we listened in the silvery night; but they breathed only fraternity and peace.

Thought expressed by movement was not merely general and poetical. By observing them closely I fancied I detected that they carried on conversation by action, and I succeeded in grasping a vague outline of their methods, not, assuredly, sufficient to follow the thoughts of the swimmers, but enough to enable me to understand that two particular persons were talking to each other.

During the aquatic lessons given to the children, at which I had the no small pleasure of assisting, my conviction became confirmed. Those teaching the little ones expressed their approval or disapproval by natatory inflections, and I managed at least to

distinguish two of these. One caused the pupil to stop; the other to change his movement.

Love, naturally, also found expression. The Men of the Waters displayed an art of tenderness, supplication and pride that varied with the individual, but was very subtle, very delicate and far superior to our conversational idylls.

They did not appear to be in the least metaphysically minded, and I saw no evidence of a religion or belief in the supernatural, only an intense love of Nature. I have already referred to their gentleness with birds, animals and domesticated fishes. This gentleness placed them in intimate communication with the lower creation. They possessed the power of making themselves understood to a surprising degree. Thus, although the idea would appear chimerical to us, I have seen them give orders to salamanders, bats, birds and carp, instructing them, for instance, to go to a certain island or district of the lake. Swans at their order made journeys of many leagues, bats ceased to hunt for a given interval, carp temporarily ceased to shelter in their favorite haunts.

The scene we witnessed at our first meeting with the Man of the Waters was frequently renewed. By means of a little stone hook a melody, similar to that we had heard in the marches, was produced from a reed, in which grooves of different width and depth had been cut. The sound invariably attracted and cast a spell over reptiles, birds and fishes, and caused beasts of prey to accord a truce to their victims.

How often these scenes entranced us! How many hours we passed watching some musician with his rudimentary instrument renewing old-time fables! What extraordinary felicity was in all the sports, in the whole life of these aquatic people.

I said that their manners were simple and free, and that the notion of family life does not exist among them. But there is a reservation to this state-

ment. Marriage between the sexes was governed by a tacit rule. The union lasted one lunar month, the new moon marking the period of choice. These unions were, of course, renewable at the will of the parties. They never occasioned the slightest trouble in the tribe, so far as I could ascertain. I certainly never saw the shadow of a dispute while I lived among them. The children belonged for a few months to the mother, but the whole community looked after their well-being.

As regards the organ of adaptation which could alone furnish an explanation of their ability to remain so long under water I never found any trace of it. It is true that my investigations were forcibly limited, inasmuch as I did not have the opportunity to dissect a body. The length of time they can remain below the surface is fully half an hour, and if the fact that they can swim at a speed of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour be taken into consideration, it will be seen that they are the equals of whales and other cetacea. Moreover, they have a marked superiority over the latter in respect of their eyes, which are admirably adapted to aquatic vision.

This was easily apparent upon examination. Their large, flat eyeballs were as favorable to sight under water as the eyes of the falcon are to sight in the air. A posteriori the supremacy of this organ is amply demonstrated by the subtlety of their evolutions: they accomplish in bands marvels of precision, dashes which, were the distance not accurately calculated, would result in terrible shocks. In their piscatorial hunts they perceive the tiniest fish at hundreds of yards. Out of the water their sight is blurred, like that of presbyopes, within a distance of twelve yards, though beyond that they can see a very long way.

Their sense of hearing, too, is markedly different from ours. I have alluded to their music, which is inter-

valed as though punctuated by commas, and to their queer articulation of words. I concluded that their ears, like their eyes, are better adapted to an aquatic than to a terrestrial life. It is a well-known fact that the swiftness of sound is more than quadrupled in the water, and this would necessarily create wide divergencies between the acoustic apparatus developed in aquatic surroundings and that trained to catch aerial sounds.

VI.

AN ATTACK—UNWELCOME VISITORS.

One morning Sabine and I, seated on our raft, floated lazily about the lake. Our friend had at first accompanied us. He came and went, pushing the raft along and sporting around it like a dolphin. We stopped at an enchanting little island and sat down in the shade of a clump of ash trees. Before us white, wax-like waterlilies reposed upon their dark green leaves; the modest water ranunculus reared its head amid bowers of algue, and the fish in cohorts leaped in the sunshine. My arm was round Sabine's waist and we were supremely, exquisitely happy, too happy to speak.

We were brought back to earth by a rumor of voices, and perceived about thirty men grouped upon a near-by island of poplars. They were joined by many others who emerged from the lake.

"The Men of the Waters," I remarked, indifferently.

"Yes," said Sabine, "but they are not like those we know."

In effect, on noticing them more intently I saw that their skin was of a dark color, blue-black, it appeared to me.

Sabine, frightened, nestled closer and suggested that we should return to our friends.

"Perhaps it would be advisable," I assented.

Before we could rise to our feet, however, the water surged and bubbled

near the raft and half a dozen men emerged. Like our friends, they had strangely round eyes with scarcely any white and with slightly indented pupils, but their hair, like their color, was very different, and their attitude was not reassuring.

They gazed at us from a distance, and one of them, a powerfully built, athletic young fellow, never took his eyes off Sabine. We saw that they were armed with harpoons, and Sabine turned pale.

The athletic man said something to us in croaking tones. I made signs that I did not understand him, whereupon they raised threatening cries and flourished their harpoons. The situation was becoming critical. I had my rifle with me, but when I had discharged both barrels they would be upon me before I could reload, and how could I make a successful defense against these beings familiar with an element in which they could hide and attack us with impunity? Besides, even if I managed to hold my own against the men confronting me, was there not on another island, 500 yards away, a multitude who would rush to their assistance?

The young athlete began to talk to us again, and I understood from his gestures that he insisted upon having a reply. I shouted at him, and for a moment the band stood dumfounded at the sound. They held a hurried consultation and then with angry cries began to flourish their weapons again. I raised my rifle. There was a moment of horrible suspense. I thought it was all over with us, and I determined to sell my life dearly and die gamely.

A cry arose from the lake. My antagonists turned about and a joyful shout escaped me. A troop of our hosts were speeding toward us, led by our rescuer who was making signs to the dark men. The latter lowered their harpoons, and soon after we were surrounded by our friends once more, saved from death—Sabine perhaps from a worse fate.

We then witnessed a ceremony in which our Men of the Waters welcomed the others. From the island of poplars the rest of the dark men came. Presents were exchanged, and arms interlaced in a peculiar manner. It struck me, however, that these demonstrations were somewhat lacking in sincerity, especially in the case of the dark visitors. The young athlete continued to stare at Sabine in a way that raised my wrath.

Our hosts had escorted us back to their island, and we were greatly relieved to find ourselves safe there again, though I still felt a vague uneasiness which I fancied was shared by the tribe. Our rescuer was especially troubled. He remained near us, showed his devotedness to us in every possible way, and, affection begetting affection, I came to love him like a brother.

The afternoon passed without incident, but an hour before sundown a deputation of the dark Men of the Waters arrived, among them being the strong man, who appeared to act as their leader. Our people rendered them every honor and offered them presents, after which there was a dance in the water in which light and dark men vied with each other in agility.

Sabine and I with our friend held aloof and watched the proceedings from behind a screen of lowering ash branches, interested at the spectacle in spite of our uneasiness.

When the dance was at its height two men emerged close to our retreat. Could they see us? Had they been spying upon us? However this may be, they came up to us. One of them was the young chief, but his face wore an amicable smile and he was gentleness itself. He said something to our friend, then moved off again, looking at Sabine as he did so with an avid, covetous look that made me shudder.

They returned to the lake. Then our friend, shaking his head, made no secret of his apprehension. He signed to me to look after Sabine, and intimated that he would also guard her.

The night was an anxious one for me, and I sat up and kept watch. Gleams of light flickered over the lake and among the foliage. The sound of strange music was borne to my ears. I caught glimpses of bands of swimmers shooting about in the water, in the uncertain light of the moon, which was on the wane.

About 1 o'clock in the morning the dark men came in a body to within a hundred yards of the island, and in response to their calls several of our young men joined in the nocturnal fete.

How charming, how profoundly interesting I should have considered these things, had Sabine not been there. With what joy I should have studied the customs of these beings, the remnant of an antique aquatic race that had in all likelihood ruled continents. Now and then I gave myself up to the poetry of the scene, but my worry soon returned, especially as I remarked that the two races distrusted each other, with a distrust born, may be, of old-time feuds. At all events their friendship appeared to be more tacit than sincere.

A bank of heavy clouds blotted out the moon and obscurity fell upon all around. I crossed over to Sabine's hut and, rifle in hand, sat down before the narrow entrance. The fete had ended and silence reigned over the lake. Once or twice I fancied I heard some one prowling about, and it was broad daylight before I dozed off.

VII.

ABDUCTION OF SABINE.

Nothing of importance occurred during the remainder of the week. Every day deputations of dark Men of the Waters came to the island. Our people returned their visits on a neighboring isle where they had elected to encamp. The young men of both races continued to organize fetes in the water. The animation increased and the nights were spent in delightful dances and great aquatic ballets in the moonlight.

I ought not to have been worried, because, in the first place, we were well guarded, and, secondly, because the strangers had apparently forgotten all about us; yet I was, and greatly worried. It was no good reasoning that the young chief, if he ever had entertained designs on Sabine, had, with the mobility characteristic of his race, probably abandoned them. A foreboding that I could not shake off tortured me continuously, and troubled my sleep. I would start up perspiring and every nerve strained to the utmost tension. It seemed to me that the distrust of our friends was increasing, instead of diminishing. They, I surmised, were not likely to be agitated by presentiments, and must have more serious reasons for their attitude.

One evening at moonrise the dark Men of the Waters came in unusually large numbers, accompanied by their old men. The visit was marked by more solemn demonstrations than customary, and the exchange of more numerous presents. I divined intuitively that the visitors were taking leave, preparatory to taking their departure for the regions whence they came.

The water fete was more marvelous than any that had preceded it. It was a harmonious reverie of movement. Light and dark bodies reflecting the moonbeams, throwing off spray of crystal and mother-of-pearl when they sped along the surface, darted upward and downward, to and fro, twisting, circling, entwining in arabesque full of an infinite sentiment of curves, in divine trajectory symphonies.

By 1 o'clock it was all over and the dark squadron scooted away.

"Ah," said I to Sabine, "I believe they are off at last."

"I think so, too," she affirmed.

She raised her timid eyes to mine and I kissed her passionately.

"I was much frightened on your account, darling," I murmured.

"If only my father would return now, I should be perfectly happy," she sighed. "I am so anxious about him."

"He will come soon, he is all right," I assured her.

Nevertheless, I was not yet easy in my mind. I was oppressed by a vague fear that even the assurance, conveyed by signs, of our friend that the dark men had gone for good failed to calm.

However, about 2 o'clock I fell into a feverish slumber and, worn out by many nights of watching, slept for a couple of hours. Then I had a nightmare from which I awoke with a start.

"Sabine! Sabine!" I shouted in a paroxysm of terror.

Then, being fairly awake, I recovered my sang froid and looked out of my hut. Day was dawning, and the ash grove was whispering in the morning breeze. Everything breathed calmness and confidence. I shook off the disagreeable impression left by my dream and sniffed the fresh air with elation.

"How nice it would be to live here always," I thought.

I strolled over to Sabine's hut. Horror—stupefaction—despair! It was empty!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DAILY GREELEY, COLORADO

The Editor's Miscellany.

COMRADESHIP is a singular thing and little understood by philosophers of living. Sometimes it seems to be dependent upon neither love nor friendship. While the spirit of camaraderie persists, its personnel often changes. Two long-time friends may be comrades for but a brief part of their truest friendship, and that period of comradeship may be early or late in their friendship. Then again, just as friends of real mutual value may never be comrades, it is equally true that comrades need not be more than acquaintances, so far as the intimate ties of friendship are concerned. Some men have many comrades and some have few, but the number is irrelevant. It is the capacity for camaraderie that counts. He who possesses that capacity is the "good fellow." And it must not be forgotten that a "good fellow" and a "boon companion" are not the same.

* * *

One essential of comradeship is that neither person may be bored. Some men can sing three scales and many can sing two, while a multitude can sing one. The two-scale man can find a comrade in the one-scale man, provided the one scale does not duplicate either of the two scales, and the comradeship encounters little menace to its life until the scale of the one-scale man becomes familiar to the two-scale man. If there are five-scale men, they must be dreadfully bored or lonely most of the time. And herein lies part of the reason why great souls are said to tread a solitary way. Even harder is the lot of one-scale men who imagine

that they are three-scale or four-scale men and undertake to conduct themselves accordingly—hard upon themselves and still harder upon those whom they seek to impress. One of the delights of camaraderie is its freedom from effort, save the sensitive, half-unconscious effort of tactful persons to be congenial in order that they may neither bore nor be bored.

* * *

Often a person is a better comrade in some years of his life than in others. Perhaps, the most entertaining persons are those who combine with a charm of manner a constant renewal of their individuality. This renewal is to be had at the price of ceaseless vigilance. To abandon the metaphor of scales—when the horizon of a man's soul does not widen, it generally seems to narrow. That is another way of saying that a person, who can see only a fixed distance, which remains the same, becomes familiar with the details of the view before him, and with familiarity comes boredom. Thus there is a double incentive to enlarge one's experience by means of books or people or both, according to personal taste. There is the wish to be entertained, and also the reciprocally necessary desire to entertain in turn. As it is the very fullness of the life of the companionable man that makes him entertaining, so it is in the pursuit of the experience which widens the horizon that happiness, particularly intellectual happiness, is frequently won. To retain this happiness, the pursuit must succeed without reaching its goal. For the pursuit to succeed without ending, its object must

be ideal. Without the ideal to refine it, comradeship would mistake familiarity for the intimacy that respects individuality. It is frequently true that comrades like each other because they like themselves, but that does not follow from the foregoing.

* * *

In re Simplified Spelling (to quote a reader of *The Eclectic Magazine*) Mr. Roosevelt seems to have discovered that he was not elected President of the English language.

* * *

Peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas:
Proprie repletam vitiis post tergum dedit,
Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem.
Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus;
Alii simul delinquunt, censores sumus.

—Phaedrus, *Fabula XLII.*

It is a comfortable thing to sit back and forget that in the ability of private interests to circumvent, if not control, the general government lies the menacing contribution to the strength of the propaganda of centralized supervision of a sort that might threaten to curtail the freedom of activity of the individual citizen. Dividends on a liberal scale tend to paralyze the judgment and even the conscience of many successful men who would be first to scorn the methods often employed to produce a considerable part of the earning power, which made their investments valuable. It is much pleasanter to discuss the House of Lords as an obstacle to progressive legislation in Great Britain, the clash between the French Republic and the Vatican, the quarrel of the German Chancellor with the Reichstag over the appropriation sought for the imperial colonial policy or the disorganization of the opposition to Romanoff autocracy. There is an ethical basis, however, for the demand that Americans, who esteem

themselves both substantial and patriotic, should give more than academic heed to the desire of the man in the street that the undisputed power of wealth should be used righteously for the sake of the common good and of selfish interests alike.

* * *

Alcibiades was intellectual with the Athenians, ate black broth with the Spartans and wore flowing garments with the Persians. He won thereby the admiration of the present Chancellor of the German Empire. Prince von Buelow has accordingly upheld the Athenian as a pattern for German diplomats. It might be decried as "harking back to Jefferson" to suggest that the strongest diplomacy has little in common with the policy of being all things to all men. If a man conducts himself according to his own code so that his manners and his morals are not at the mercy of his environment, a simple strength has been acquired that sets him free from the fear of the pitfalls attending self-assertion and self-distrust. When a man's cause is righteous, he can afford to be always the same, and the necessity for compromise becomes the property of his opponent. The German Chancellor might study the morale and the method of the Far Eastern policy of the late John Hay. In the meantime, should the advice of the prince to his diplomats be taken to heart, it might be mildly interesting to note in which country the imperial ambassadors affect the intellectual, in which they choose black broth and in which they clothe themselves in flowing garments. Americans might be tempted to ask how they may be expected to interpret horseback riding and a fondness for tennis.



Chile con Carne.

SPENSER has been called the poets' poet, and with good reason. He is at once the great seer to whose vision the whole realm of fantasy lies open, and the great virtuoso whose mastery over his instrument is a lesson to all that follow the craft. No man before Keats was animated by so passionate a sense of beauty; a beauty of face and form, of line and color, of living clustering rhythm, and of imagery that glows amid the verse like a flower amid tendrils. Chaucer's Cressida is pale beside the Lady Belpheobe and the Lady Pride: Surrey's Geraldine is dim beside the heroine of the "Amoretti": and though English poetry had put forth many blossoms of melodious line and haunting cadence, it had never matched the splendor and triumph of the stanza which begins:

Open the Temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in.

Such verse as this is for pure delight: it sounds in the ear like music, it quickens us to a sense of personal love and adoration. Even the melodies of Marlowe and Shakespeare are not more rich, more varied, or more stately.—From The Periodical.

* * *

Maud—Why is that lady over the way always in black? Is she mourning for any one?

Bess—Yes; a husband.

Maud—I didn't know she'd been married.

Bess—No; but she's mourning for a husband all the same.

—

She—Here we've been married just

one month, and now you no longer love me.

He—But, my dear—

"Don't try to explain. I'm not blind. You made a mistake—you ought to have married some silly, stupid woman."

"But, dearest, I've done my best."—From Tit-Bits.

* * *

1866. Friday, September 7.—Was ready to leave and moved my baggage to Planters House in the evening in order to be able to start early in the morning.

Saturday, September 8.—Left St. Louis at 6.20 a. m. and East St. Louis at 7.15 on the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad at Mattoore and arrived at Indianapolis at 7 p. m. Took supper at the Sherman House and left on the Bellefontaine Railroad at 8.20 p. m., taking sleeping car.

Sunday, September 9.—Arrived at Crestline, Ohio, about 6 a. m. Had to lay over all day. No trains running, it being Sunday.

Monday, September 10.—Left Crestline at 4 a. m. on Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Arrived at Pittsburg at 10.45 a. m. and changed cars, leaving on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at 11 a. m. Took dinner at Altoona and arrived at Harrisburg at 8.30 p. m., where we took the Northern Central Railroad for Baltimore.

Tuesday, September 11.—Arrived at Baltimore at 12.30 a. m. and waited at depot until 4 a. m. when we took Washington Branch Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, arriving at Washington

at 6 a. m.—Extracted from the diary of an American gentleman, written in 1866.

* * *

At the age of eighty-two Josef Israels still paints six hours a day, and it is this passionate love of work that keeps him young—a marvel among men. The morning is his busy time; and in the course of his long life he has sent forth so many pictures that he has lost all count of them.

We were talking of a literary work that failed. "But it wasn't true!" he cried; "it was good by fits and starts, but the beginning was wrong—all wrong. It was written about Dutch people, and the heroine wasn't Dutch. She was too florid. Dutch folk don't think and act as she did—do they now? It showed that the author hadn't got down to the spirit of the people." That criticism was Israels in a nutshell! "Get down to the spirit of things"—be true! Paint over, strike out sentiment and false lines; "be true if you would be great."

I asked him about his projected visit to Egypt.

"I would love to see it all," he said, as he settled comfortably. "I would love to see it all; but Ach! Mevrour! This chair is very easy."

"But the sun, the golden air, the golden desert."

"I have been to Spain, and I go to Scheveningen every summer; there is no sunshine like that of Scheveningen!"

There, I thought, speaks the Hollander, the man of the north. If he goes to Egypt he will not paint it.

Then, talking of a mutual friend, we passed on to Zionism.

"A fine dream," he said, "and per-

haps one that may come true in hundreds of years' time; but not now—not to-day! Why, those who can go, won't: I don't want to live in Jerusalem!—and those who would go, can't. And besides, no great national movement was ever brought about by a handful of philanthropists; it must be a 'volks'-uprising, an exodus. And even then there would be difficulties."—From the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

* * *

The "Petit Parisien" has been conducting a plebiscite on the question of the relative importance of the great Frenchmen of the past century. Over fifteen million votes were recorded, and the result may be taken to represent average French opinion. It is a curious revelation of a change in the public mind, for two civilians head the list—Pasteur and Victor Hugo. Gambetta comes third, and the first Napoleon fourth. The Third Republic has done its work, for thirty years ago Napoleon would have been the almost unanimous choice of the nation. Curie, the discoverer of radium, comes seventh, then Dumas pere, while Zola is thirteenth. Sarah Bernhardt is sixteenth, Mac-Mahon is eighteenth, while Michelet is only twenty-third. "La Gloire" seems to have ceased to be an ideal of contemporary France, at least when it is in the reflective mood which answers newspaper questions. Equally significant with the absence of fighting men is the preference given to scientists over artists and men of letters. If this be the temperament of the Republic, the world must revise its conventional views as to the French character.—From the *Spectator*.



In the Market Place.

THE mediums of communication between cities and between continents are now so manifold and reliable that events in one country are not only at once published broadcast in every other country, but are at once weighed and considered in regard to any possible influence they might have, not only on the peace or progress of nations, but also on the stability of international finance. There has resulted not only a wonderfully sensitive gauge of international commerce trade and finance, but also a corresponding stability in the relative prices of commodities, as well as securities. From this development all nations have benefited more or less. The advantages accruing to one have to a smaller degree accrued to all. The most remarkable illustration of these international relations is to be found in the influence which the New York and London money markets have had on each other for the past several months. Money which has generally been plentiful in what is considered the financial capital of the world became scarce there some time during the summer of the past year and has remained so without any but temporary relaxations for the reason chiefly that American financiers were carrying in London a large part of the stocks they need for the purpose of campaigning in the stock market in New York. Of course, there were other considerations, one of them being the loss by fire insurance companies which had been heavy on account of the catastrophies at San Francisco and elsewhere. Another was the demand by

Egypt, where a heavy speculation, principally in cotton, was being carried on. Another was the necessity on the part of corporations everywhere to raise new capital with which to extend their operations in order to meet the increased demands of business. At first the resulting strain was felt more in New York than in London. Soon, however, the strain became more severe in London, especially after New York with the aid of the Secretary of the Treasury had imported gold, most of which was taken out of the vaults of the Bank of England. The consequence was that the Bank of England reserves became low, and although efforts have been made for several months to raise the reserves to the point which is generally considered the safety mark, the reserves of the "Old Lady" are still at low ebb. The reason for this must be sought in America's heavy exports to Great Britain and the European continent, most of which are paid for by bills which ultimately represent a demand on Threadneedle Street. Consequently, the rate of exchange between London and this market has been for weeks at a point where further imports of Bank of England gold to New York could be easily made, should our bankers so desire. The only restraint on this desire has been the fear that the bank in return might still further advance the discount rate and cause thereby a contango or carrying charges for American stocks, which would necessitate liquidation of American stocks in the London market. It is, however, well understood that the two markets are now in such close touch that liqui-

dation there could not be effected without breaking prices here, and, perhaps, inviting a panic. For fear, then, of disturbing the status quo, which, burdensome as it is to all sides, yet seems to be the only modus vivendi which is at all possible, bankers here and abroad have found it convenient to disregard profits to be made in foreign exchange operations, and it is my belief that the situation must be a serious one to keep any of our bankers from taking a profit that offers.

* * *

One of the considerations which has induced the financial leaders to be wary of rousing the wrath of the Bank of England has been the necessity of providing the huge sums asked by our leading railroad corporations for extensions and improvements. Last month I stated that, in addition to the sums already asked for, during the last months of 1906, more than \$300,000,000 had already been spoken for for the year 1907. This prediction has since been verified by the announcement of the Pennsylvania Railroad that it would ask stockholders to authorize \$100,000,000 in bonds and the same amount in new stock. In addition, a new issue of securities by the Chicago and Northwestern is about to be brought out, while the Chesapeake and Ohio has been negotiating with bankers for a capital issue of some size. There is also some talk of a new issue of capital by the Amalgamated Copper Company. These new securities should be sufficient to set aside the argument which has done duty for several years in order to explain the high prices for stocks, namely, that the floating supply was small. The flood gates seem to have been opened wide and the time-worn jokes about the water rising high in Wall Street are again being heard everywhere. But these ancient jests bear one important truth and that is that such apparently reckless and unrestricted use of the printing presses cannot but affect the market price for those securities already existing more

or less unfavorably, especially in these times, when all acts of corporations are closely scrutinized, and when anything that savors of the fraudulent in the large semi-public corporations leads to the most rigid inquiries.

* * *

The investigation into the affairs of the Harriman lines so-called has brought out two things. It has demonstrated the utter disregard for the law held by Harriman, except in so far as it concerns the other fellow, and again the wonderful constructive genius of the man. In other words, it has disclosed what is not frequently offered for public scrutiny until after death, namely, the workings of a great mind. The Harriman investigation ostensibly brought for the purpose of determining whether or not the control of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific was in restraint of trade has broadened and it may be said that the success of the Harriman method is on trial. For contemporaries it is generally difficult to gauge the relative value of rights and wrongs committed by the great or to decide whether a man's achievements should be ascribed more to his surroundings than to his nature. So far as can be now foreseen, the character of the financial coups, upon which Mr. Harriman based his fortune and his reputation, will not be looked upon with favor by future generations. I do not believe that the buying and selling of railroad stocks on a large scale would be so severely condemned, but the method of turning a fiduciary trust into the means for a speculative debauch, and the utter disregard for any but the law of egotism will go far toward diminishing the fame of the reconstructor of the Union Pacific Railroad.

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While the conflict between the political and the financial powers of the country is at its height and is temporarily frightening investors away from the securities markets into other fields general business activity contin-

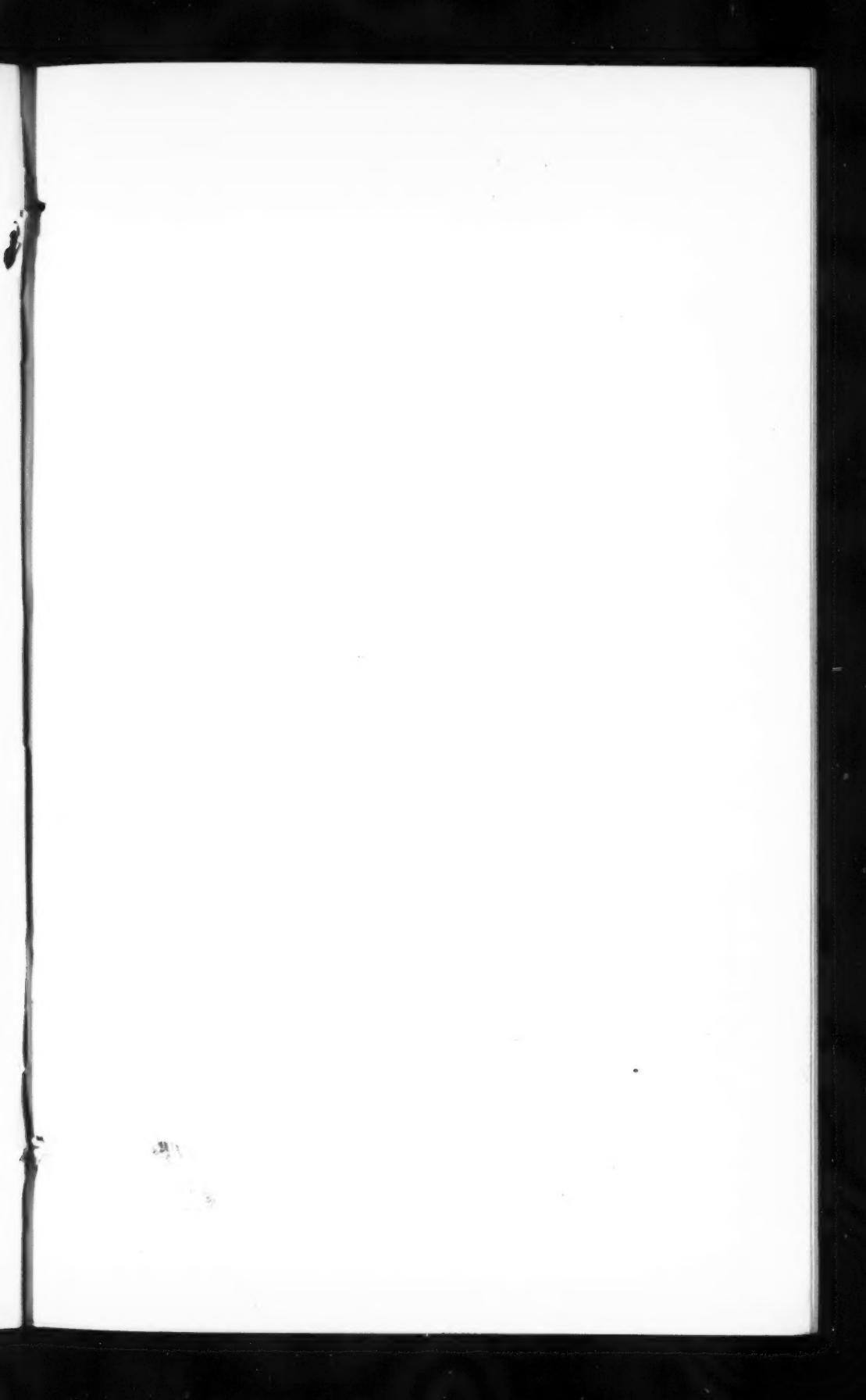
ues unabated. Great manufacturing industries are filled up with orders, and in many cases factories are unable to fill orders for immediate delivery, or even for some time ahead. The steel industry especially is rushed with the demands of the car builders, the railroad contractors that are engaged in adding extensive mileage to the country's systems, and the building companies that are rebuilding not only San Francisco but other cities as well. In some respects the rebuilding which is going on in New York City with its skyscraping structures equals, if it does not exceed, the work now under way on the Pacific Coast. Prices are high and the index number of the cost of living is at or near the highest ever reached. Collections in the West are good, and it is especially in the country west of the Mississippi, where the business activity is largest and apparently still on the upward swing. In the East, however, there is a slight hesitation, noticeable in certain directions, which is beginning to make itself felt in bank clearings. Compared with the previous year, the exchanges during the last week of the old year and the first week of the new year showed rather severe decreases. The decline in stock exchange speculation may explain these decreases in New York City clearings, but this explanation will not serve for other cities, where a similar tendency is being observed, as for instance in Chicago.

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The action which has been taken by the Southern Cotton Growers' Association against the New York Cotton Exchange has evoked a lively discussion of the rights and value of exchanges. In so far as such associations exercise a control over the doings of members they are unquestionably to be commended. But in so far as they tend to create a monopoly in the market for certain commodities they are to a cer-

tain extent against public policy. Such monopoly tends to produce arbitrary restrictions and rules which in the nature of things are likely to favor most the man who avails himself most of the facilities of the exchange. Only too often this means that the gambler, rather than the actual commission merchant, makes the rule to suit his own convenience. The tendency of some exchanges to narrow the market of the commodities, in which their members deal, rather than to widen it, is due entirely to the efforts of the gambler to keep the market from getting so large that he will lose his control of it. The thing applies to cotton, grain, metal and securities exchanges alike. The fact that the New York Stock Exchange is a voluntary association which claims special privileges for its members under the protection of the law is a most unfortunate characteristic of our leading stock market. It seems certain that with the present tendency against all special privileges and for greater public control of all institutions in which the public is largely interested a change in the organization of the Stock Exchange is bound to come. That under the constitution of the State of New York such a regulating and restricting law could be passed legally is certain. It would certainly seem that the foreign idea of an exchange is better. In London, any one can become a member of the Stock Exchange on the payment of the annual fees, while in many cities of the continent access to the bourses is open to all who want to trade. The latter plan would hardly work, except in small communities, but the London plan, like many other features of London business methods, would appear to be much superior to the organization of the security markets on this side of the Atlantic.

EDWARD STUART.





REAR ADMIRAL HARRINGTON.